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WELL, NOT THIS EVENING.

"Twas a bright and moonlight evening
As they wandered on the shore;
And she gently pressed his coat-sleeve,
As she oft had done before.

And they talked about his college,
While she charmed him with her looks;
Then she called him very naughty,
Not at all well up in books.

"Have you ever read," she murmured,
"Spencer Memoirs of wish you would,"
"Well, since you insist," he whispered,
"I will try and be as good."

"Take your sun away—you monster!—
From my waist; you awful man!
Will look after your portmanteau." With
Theirs, you're making my new fan!"

"'Twas the life of Joseph Squeers, sir,
And I think you're awful bad!
Am I angry? Take me home, sir,
Yes, I am just horrid mad!"

"Twas a bright and moonlight evening,
As he wandered on the shore;
But no maiden pressed the coat-sleeve
As she used in days of yore.

John Jago's Ghost;

—OR,—

THE DEAD ALIVE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SICK MAN.

"Heart all right," said the doctor. "Lungs all right. No organic disease that I can discover. Philip Lefrank, don't alarm yourself. You are not going to die yet. The disease you are suffering from is—overwork. The remedy in your case is—rest."

So the doctor spoke in my chambers in the Temple (London); having been sent for to see me about half an hour after I had alarmed my clerk by fainting at my desk. I am no wish to intrude myself needlessly on the reader's attention; but it may be necessary to add, in the way of explanation, that I am a "junior" barrister in good practice.

The French spelling of my name (Lefrane) was Anglicized generations since, in the days when the letter "k" was still used at the end of words of which now terminate in "o." We built our heads high, nevertheless, as a Jersey family. It is to this day a boast of my father to hear his son described as a member of the English bar.

"Rest!" I repeated, when my medical friend had done. "My good friend, are you aware that it is term time? The courts are sitting. Look at the briefs waiting for me on that table! Rest means ruin in my case."

"And work," added the doctor, quietly, "means death."

I started. He was not trying to frighten me; he was plainly in earnest.

"It is merely a question of time," he went on. "You have a fine constitution; you are a young man; but you can not deliberately overwork your brain and derange your nervous system much longer. Go away at once. If you are a good sailor, take a sea voyage. The ocean air is the best of all air to build you up again. No; I don't want to write a prescription. I decline to physic you. I have no more to say."

With those words my medical friend left the room. I was obstinate; I went into court the same day. The senior counsel in the case on which I was engaged applied to me for some information which it was my duty to give him. To my horror and amazement, I was perfectly unable to collect my ideas; facts and dates all mingled together confusedly in my mind. I was led out of court thoroughly terrified about myself. The next day my briefs went back to the attorneys, and I followed my doctor's advice by taking my passage for America in the first steamer that sailed for New York.

I had chosen the voyage to America in preference to any other trip by sea, with a special object in view. A relative of my mother's had emigrated to the United States many years since, and had thriven there as a farmer. He had given me a general invitation to visit him if I ever crossed the Atlantic. The long period of inaction, under the name of rest, to which the doctor's decision had condemned me, could hardly be more pleasantly occupied, as I thought, than by paying a visit to my mother's uncle and seeing what I could of America in that way. After a brief sojourn at New York, I started by railway for the residence of my host—Mr. Isaac Meadowcroft, of Morwick farm.

There are some of the grandest natural prospects on the face of creation in America. There is also to be found in certain States of the Union, by way of wholesome contrast, scenery so flat, so monotonous and so uninteresting to the traveler as my that the earth can show. The part of the country in which Mr. Meadowcroft's farm was situated fell within this latter category. I looked around me when I stepped out of the railway carriage on the platform at Morwick Station; and I said to myself, "If to be cured means, in my case, to be dull, I have accurately picked out the very place for the purpose."

I look back at those words by the light of later events; and I pronounce them, as you will soon pronounce them, to be the words of an essentially rash man, whose hasty judgment never stopped to consider what surprises time and chance together might have in store for him.

Mr. Meadowcroft's eldest son, Ambrose, was waiting at the station to drive me to the farm. There was no forewarning, in the appearance of Ambrose Meadowcroft, of the strange and terrible events that were to follow my arrival at Morwick. A healthy, handsome young fellow, one of thousands of other healthy, handsome young fellows, he said, "How d'ye do, Mr. Lefrank? Glad to see you, sir. Jump into the buggy; the man will look after your portmanteau." With equally conventional politeness I answered, "Thank you. How are you all at home?" So we started on the way to the farm.

Our conversation on the drive began with the subjects of agriculture and breeding. I displayed my total ignorance of crops and cattle before we had traveled ten yards on our journey. Ambrose Meadowcroft cast about for another topic, and failed to find it. Upon this I cast about on my side, and asked, at a venture, if I had chosen a convenient time for my visit. The young farmer's stolid brown face instantly brightened. I had evidently hit, haphazard, on an interesting subject.

"You couldn't have chosen a better time," he said. "Our house has never been so cheerful as it is now."

"Have you any visitors staying with you?"

"It's not exactly a visitor. It's a new member of the family who has come to live with us."

"A new member of the family? Man or lad, may I ask who it is?"

Ambrose Meadowcroft considered before he replied; touched his horse with the whip; looked down at it with a considerable hesitation; and suddenly burst out with the truth in the plainest possible words:

"It's just the nicest girl, sir, you ever saw in your life."

"Ay, ay! A friend of your sister's, I suppose?"

"She—our little American cousin—Naomi Colebrook."

I vaguely remembered that a younger sister of Mr. Meadowcroft had married an American merchant in the remote past, and had died many years since, leaving an only child. I was now further informed that the father was dead also. In his last moments he had committed his helpless daughter to the compassionate care of his wife's relations at Morwick.

"He was always a speculating man," Ambrose went on. "Tried one thing after another, and failed in all. Died, sir, leaving barely enough to bury him. My father was a little doubtful, before the cousin arrived, how the American niece would turn out. We are English, you know; and, though we do live in the United States, we stick fast to our English ways and habits. But when Naomi made her appearance, she conquered us all. Such a girl! Took her place as one of the family directly. Learns to make herself useful in the dairy in a week's time. I tell you this—she hasn't been with us quite two months yet; and we wonder already how we ever got on without her!"

Once started on the subject of Naomi Colebrook, Ambrose held to that one topic, and talked on it without intermission. It required no great gift of penetration to discover the impression which the American cousin had produced in her new home. The young fellow's enthusiasm communicated itself, in a certain tepid degree, to me. I really felt a mild flutter of anticipation at the prospect of seeing Naomi, when we drew up, toward the close of the evening, at the gates of Morwick Farm.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW FACE.

Immediately on my arrival, I was presented to Mr. Meadowcroft, the father.

The old man had become a confirmed invalid, confined by chronic rheumatism to his chair. He received me kindly and a little wearily as well. His only unmarried daughter (he had long since been left a widower) was in the room, in attendance on her father. She was a melancholy, middle-aged woman without visible attractions of any sort—one of those persons who appear to accept the obligation of living under protest, as a burden which they would never have consented to bear if they had only been consulted first. We three had a dreary little tea-drinking in a parlor of state; and then I was permitted to go up-stairs, and unpack my portmanteau in my own room.

At supper will be at 9 o'clock, sir," said Miss Meadowcroft.

She pronounced those words as if supper was a delightful domestic offense, habitually committed by the whole household in the world. I followed the groom up to my room, not over well pleased with my first experience of the farm.

No Naomi, and no romance, thus far! My room was clean—oppressively clean. I quite longed to see a little dust somewhere. My library was limited to the Bible and Prayer-book. My view from the window showed me a dead flat in a partial state of cultivation, fading sadly from view in the waning light. Above the head of my spruce white bed hung a scroll, bearing a damnatory quotation from scripture in emblazoned letters of red and black. The dismal presences of Miss Meadowcroft had passed over my bedroom, and had blighted it. My spirits sank as I looked round me. Supper-time was still an event in the future. I lit the candles and took from my portmanteau what I firmly believe to have been the first French novel ever produced at Morwick Farm. It was one of the masterly and charming stories of Dumas the elder. In five minutes I was in a new world, and my melancholy room was full of the liveliest French company. The sound of an imperative and uncompromising bell recalled me in good time to the regions of reality. I looked at my watch. Nine o'clock.

Ambrose met me at the ottom of the stairs, and showed me the way to the supper-room.

Mr. Meadowcroft's invalid-chair had been wheeled to the head of the table. On his right-hand side sat his sad and silent daughter. She signed to me, with a ghostly solemnity, to take the vacant place on the left of her father. Silas Meadowcroft came in at the same moment, and was presented to me by his brother. There was a strong family likeness between them, Ambrose being the taller and the handsomer man of the two. But there was no marked character in either face. I set them down as men with undeveloped qualities, waiting (the good and evil qualities alike) for time and circumstances to bring them to their full growth.

The door opened again while I was still studying the two brothers, without, I honestly confess, being very favorably impressed by either of them. A new member of the family circle, who instantly attracted my attention, entered the room.

He was short, spare and wiry; singularly pale for a person whose life was passed in the country. The face was in other respects beside this a striking face to see. As to the lower part, it was covered with a thick black beard and mustache, of a tone when shaving was the rule, and beards the rare exception—in America. As to the upper part of the face, it was made remarkable by a pair of wild, glittering brown eyes, the expression of which seemed to be that there was something not quite right with the man's mental balance. A perfectly sane person in all his sayings and doings, so far as I could see, there was still something in those wild brown eyes which suggested to me that, under exceptionally trying circumstances, he might surprise his old friends by acting in some exceptionally violent or foolish way. "A little cracked"—that, in the popular phrase, was my impression of the stranger who now made his appearance in the supper-room.

Mr. Meadowcroft the elder, having not spoken one word thus far, himself introduced the new-comer to me, with a side-g ance at his sons, which had something like defiance in it—a glance which, as I was sorry to notice, was returned with a similar appearance of defiance by the two young men.

"Philip Lefrank, this is my overlooker, Mr. Jago," said the old man, formally presenting us. "John Jago, I have the honor to introduce to your acquaintance, Mr. Lefrank. He is not well: he has come over the ocean for rest, and change of scene. Mr. Jago is an American, Philip. Make acquaintance with Mr. Jago. Sit together." He cast another dark look at his sons, and the sons again returned it. They pointedly drew back from John Jago as he approached the empty chair next to me, and moved round to the opposite side of the table. It was plain that the man with the beard stood high in the father's favor, and that he was cordially disliked for that, or for some other reason, by the sons.

The door opened once more. A young lady quietly joined the party at the supper-table. Was the young lady Naomi Colebrook? I looked at Ambrose, and saw the answer in his face. Naomi at last!

A pretty girl, and, so far, I could judge by appearances, a good girl too. Describing her generally, I may say that she had a small head, well carried, and well set on her shoulders; bright gray eyes, that looked at you honestly, and a mouth that they looked a trim, slight little figure—too slight for our English notions of beauty; a strong American accent, and a pleasantly-toned voice, which made the accent agreeable to one's ears. Our first impressions of people are, in nine cases out of ten, the right impressions. I liked Naomi Colebrook at first sight; liked her pleasant smile; liked her hearty shake of the hand when we were presented to each other. "If I get on well with nobody else in this house," I thought to myself, "I shall certainly get on well with you."

For once in a way I prove a true prophet. In the atmosphere of smouldering enmities at Morwick Farm, the pretty American girl and I remained firm and true friends from first to last.

Ambrose made room for Naomi to sit between his brother and himself. She changed color for a moment and looked at him with a pretty reluctant tenderness as she took her chair. I strongly suspected the young farmer of squeezing her hand privately under cover of the tablecloth.

The supper was not a merry one. The only cheerful conversation was the conversation across the table between Naomi and me.

For some incomprehensible reason John Jago seemed to be ill at ease in the presence of his young countrywoman. He looked up at Naomi doubtingly from his plate, and looked down again slowly, with a frown. When I addressed him in answer to something Naomi had said, he spoke to Mr. Meadowcroft he was still on his guard—on his guard against the five young men, as I fancied by the direction which his eyes took on these occasions. When we began our meal I had noticed for the first time that Silas Meadowcroft's left hand was strapped up with surgical plaster, and I now further observed that John Jago's wandering brown eyes furtively looking at everybody round the table in turn, looked with a curious cynical scrutiny at the young man's injured hand.

By way of making my first evening at the farm all the more embarrassing to me as a stranger, I discovered before long that the father and sons were talking indirectly at each other, through Mr. Jago and through me. When old Mr. Meadowcroft spoke disparagingly to his overlooker of some past mistake made in the cultivation of the arable land of the farm, old Mr. Meadowcroft's eyes pointed the application of his hostile criticism straight in the direction of his two sons. When the two sons seized a stray remark of mine about animals in general, and applied it satirically to the mismanagement of sheep and oxen in particular, they looked at John Jago, while they talked to me. On occasions of this sort—and they happened frequently—Naomi stood in resolutely at the right moment, and forced the talk to some harmless topic. Every time she took a prominent part in this way in keeping the peace, melancholy Miss Meadowcroft looked round her in stern and silent disapprobation of her interference. A more dreary and more disunited family party I never sat at table with. Envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness are never so essentially detestable in the mind as when they are animated by a sense of propriety, and work under the surface. But for my interest in Naomi and my admiration of the little love-looks which I now and then surprised passing between her and Ambrose, I should never have got through that supper. I should certainly have taken refuge in my French novel and my own room.

At last the unendurably long meal, served with ostentatious profusion, was at an end. Miss Meadowcroft rose with the priestly solemnity that seemed to my dismissal in these words: "We are early people at the farm, Mr. Lefrank. I hope you good night."

She laid her bony hands on the back of Mr. Meadowcroft's invalid chair, put her head in his farewell salutation to me, and wheeled him out to his bed as if she were wheeling him out to his grave.

"So you go to your room immediately, sir? If not, may I offer you a cigar?—provided the young gentlemen will permit it."

So, picking his words with painful deliberation, and pointing his reference to the young gentlemen with one sardonic side-look at them, Mr. John Jago performed the duties of hospitality on his side. I excused myself from accepting the cigar. With studied politeness the man of the glittering brown eyes lighted me a good night's rest, and left the room.

Ambrose and Silas both approached me hospitably, with their open cigar-cases in their hands.

"You were quite right to say 'No,'" Ambrose began. "Never smoke with John Jago. His cigars will poison you."

"And never believe a word John Jago says to you," added Silas. "He is the most untrue man in America, let the other be whom he may."

Naomi shook her forefinger reproachfully at them, as if the two sturdy young farmers had been two children.

"What will Mr. Lefrank think," she said, "if you talk in that way of a person whom you father respects and trusts? Go and smoke. I am ashamed of both of you."

Silas slunk away without a word of protest. Ambrose stood his ground, evidently bent on making his peace with Naomi before he left her.

Seeing that I was in the way, I walked aside toward a glass door at the lower end of the room. The door opened on the trim little farm garden, bathed at that moment in lovely moonlight. I stepped out to enjoy the scene, and found my way to a seat under an elm tree. The grand repose of nature had never looked so unutterably solemn and beautiful as it now appeared, after what I had seen and heard inside the house. I understood, or thought I understood, the dull despair of humanity which led men into monasteries in the old time. The misanthropical side of my nature (where is the side man will be most conscious of that side of him?) was fast getting the upper hand of me—when I felt a light touch laid on my shoulder, and found myself reconciled to my species once more by Naomi Colebrook.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOONLIGHT MEETING.

"I want to speak to you," Naomi began. "You didn't think ill of me for following you out here? We are not accustomed to stand much on ceremony in America."

"You are quite right in America. Pray sit down." She seated herself by my side, looking at me frankly and fearlessly by the light of the moon.

"You are minded to the family here," she resumed, "and I am related too. I guess I may say to you what I couldn't say to a stranger. I am right glad you have come here, Mr. Lefrank; and for a reason, sir, which you don't suspect."

"Thank you for the compliment you pay me, Miss Colebrook, whatever the reason may be."

She took no notice of my reply; she steadily pursued her own train of thought.

"I guess you may do some good, sir, in this troubled home," the girl went on, with her eyes still fixed earnestly on my face. "There is no love, no trust, no peace at Morwick Farm. They want somebody here—except Ambrose; don't think ill of Ambrose; he is only thoughtless—I say, the rest of them want somebody here to make them ashamed of their hard hearts and their horrid false, envious ways. You are a gentleman; you know more than they know; they can't help themselves, they must look up to you. Try, Mr. Lefrank, when you have the opportunity—pray try, sir, to make peace among them. You heard what went on at supper-time; and you were disgusted with it. Oh, yes, you were! I saw you from to yourself; and I know what that means in you Englishmen."

There was no choice but to speak one's mind to Naomi. I acknowledged the impression which had been produced on me at supper-time as plainly as I have acknowledged it in these pages. Naomi nodded her head in undisguised approval of my candor.

"That will do; that's speaking out," she said. "But—oh no! you put it a very bad look when you say that men don't seem to be on friendly terms together here. They hate each other. That's how it is, Mr. Lefrank—hate, bitter, bitter, bitter hate!" She clenched her little fists; she shook them, vehemently, by way of adding emphasis to her last words; and then she suddenly resumed her Ambrose. "Except Ambrose," she repeated, "I don't think I can think of any one in this house. Silas, again, and laying it very earnestly on my arm. "Don't go and misjudge Ambrose, sir. There is no harm in poor Ambrose." The girl's innocent frankness was really irresistible.

"Should I be altogether wrong," I asked, "if I guessed you were a little partial to Ambrose?"

An Englishwoman would have felt, or would at least have assumed, some little hesitation at replying to my question. Naomi did not hesitate for an instant.

"You are quite right, sir," she said, with the most perfect composure. "If things go well, I mean to marry Ambrose."

"If things go well," I repeated. "What does that mean? Money?"

She shook her head. "I mean a fear that I have in my own mind," she answered—"a fear, Mr. Lefrank, of evil influences at work among the men here—the wicked, hard-hearted, unfeeling men. I don't mean Ambrose, sir; I mean his brother Silas, and John Jago. Did you notice Silas' hand? John Jago did that, sir, with a knife."

"By accident?" I asked.

"On purpose," she answered. "In return for a blow."

This plain revelation of the state of things at Morwick Farm rather staggered me. Blows and knives under the rich and respectable roof-tree of old Mr. Meadowcroft! Blows and knives out among the laborers, but among the masters! My first impression was like your first impression, no doubt. I could hardly believe it.

"Are you sure of what you say?" I inquired.

"I have it from Ambrose. Ambrose would never deceive me. Ambrose knows all about it."

My curiosity was powerfully excited. To what sort of household had I rashly voyaged across the ocean in search of rest and quiet?

"May I know all about it, too?" I said.

"Well, I will try and tell you what Ambrose told me. But you must promise me one thing first, sir. Promise you won't go away and leave us when you know the whole truth. Shake hands on it, Mr. Lefrank; come, shake hands on it."

There was no resisting her fearless frankness. I shook hands on it. Naomi entered on her narrative the moment I had given her my pledge, without wasting a word by way of preface.

"When you are shown over the farm here," she began, "you will see that it is really two farms in one. On this side of it, as we look from under this tree, they raise crops; on the other side—much the larger half of the land, mind—they raise cattle. When Mr. Meadowcroft was old and active, before he left after his farm himself, the boys (I mean Ambrose and Silas) divided the work between them. Ambrose looked after the crops and Silas after the cattle. Things didn't go well, somehow, under their management. I can't tell you why—I am only sure that Ambrose was not in fault. The old man got more and more dissatisfied, especially about his beasts. His pride is in his beasts. Without saying a word to the boys, he looked about privately (I think he was wrong in that, sir; don't you?)—he looked about privately for help; and in an evil hour he heard of John Jago. Do you like John Jago, Mr. Lefrank?"

"So far, no. I don't like him."

"Just my sentiments, sir. But I don't know; it's likely we may be wrong. There's nothing against John Jago, except that he is so old in his ways. They do say he wears all that nasty hair on his face (I hate hair on a man's face) on account of a vow he made when he lost his wife. Don't you think, Mr. Lefrank, a man must be a little mad who shows his grief at losing his wife by vowing that he will never shave himself again? Well, that's what they do say John Jago vowed. Perhaps it's a lie. People are such liars here! Anyway, it's truth (the boys themselves confess that), when John Jago came to the farm he came with a first-rate character. The old father here isn't easy to please; and he pleased the old father, Yes, that's so. Mr. Meadowcroft don't like my countrymen in general. He's like his sons—English, bitter English, to the marrow of his bones. Somehow, in spite of that, John Jago got round him; maybe because John does certainly know his business. Oh, yes! cattle and crops, John knows his business. Since he's been overlooker, things have prospered as they didn't prosper in the time of the boys. Ambrose owned as much to me himself. Still, sir, it's hard to be set aside for a stranger; isn't it? John gives the orders now. The boys do the work; but they have no voice in it when John and the old man put their heads together over the business of the farm. I have been long in telling you of it, sir; but now you know how the envy and the hatred grew among the men before my time. Since I have been here, things seem to get worse and worse. There's hardly a day goes by that Ambrose don't pass between the boys and John, or the boys and their father. The old man has a provoking way, Mr. Lefrank—a nasty way, as we do call it—of taking John Jago's part. Do speak to him about it when you get the chance. The main blame of the quarrel between Silas and John, the other day, lies at his door."

"Is Silas a passionate man?" I asked.

"Passionate enough, sir, when he's roused, and he is roused easily enough. Silas, either. It was brutal of him—though he is Ambrose's brother—to strike John, who is the smaller and weaker man of the two. But it was worse than brutal in John to cut with his knife any fist to stab Silas. Oh, he did it! If Silas had not caught the blow in his hand (his hand's awfully cut, I can tell you; I dressed it myself), it might have ended, for anything I know, in murder."

She stopped as the words passed her lips, looked back over her shoulder, and started violently.

I looked where my companion was looking. The dark figure of a man was standing, watching us, in the shadow of the elm tree. I rose directly to approach him. Naomi recovered her self-possession, and checked me before I could interfere.

"Who are you?" she asked, turning sharply toward the stranger. "What do you want there?"

The man stepped out from the shadow into the moonlight, and stood revealed to us as John Jago. "I hope I am not intruding?" he said, looking hard at me.

"What do you want?" Naomi repeated.

"I don't wish to disturb you, or to disturb this gentlemen," he proceeded. "When you are quite at liberty, Miss Naomi, you would be doing me a favor if you would permit me to say a few words to you in private."

He spoke with the most scrupulous politeness; trying, and trying vainly, to conceal some strong agitation which was in possession of him. His wild brown eyes—wilder than ever in the moonlight—rested entreatingly, with a strange underlying expression of despair, on Naomi's face. His hands, clasped tightly in front of him, trembled incessantly. Little as I liked the man, he did really impress me as a pitiable object at that moment.

"Do you mean that you want to speak to me to-night?" Naomi asked, in undisguised surprise.

"Yes, miss, if you please, at your leisure and at Mr. Lefrank's."

Naomi hesitated. "Won't it keep till to-morrow?" she said.

"I shall be away on farm-business to-morrow, miss, for the whole day. Please to give me a few minutes this evening." Naomi moved a step toward her; his voice faltered, and dropped timidly to a whisper. "I really have something to say to you, Miss Naomi. It would be a kindness on your part—a very, very great kindness—if you will let me say it before I rest to-night."

I rose again to resign my place to him. Once more Naomi checked me.

"No," she said. "Don't stir." She addressed John Jago very reluctantly: "If you are so much in earnest about it, Mr. John, I suppose it must be. I can't refuse what you call a kindness. Say to me which can not be said before a third person. However, it wouldn't be respectful to say 'No' in my place. You know it's my business to wind up the hall-clock at 10 every night. If you choose to come and help me, the chances are that we shall have the hall to ourselves. Will that do?"

"Not in the hall, miss, if you will excuse me."

"Not in the hall?"

"And not in the house, either, if I may make so bold."

"What do you mean?" She turned

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impatiently and appealed to me. "Do you understand him?" John Jago signed to me imploringly to let him answer for himself. "Bear with me, Miss Naomi," he said. "I think I can make you understand me." There are eyes on the watch, and ears on the watch, in the house; and there are some footsteps—I won't say whose—so soft that no person can hear them.

The last allusion evidently made itself understood. Naomi stopped him before he could say more. "Well, where is it to be?" she inquired, resignedly. "Will the garden do, Mr. John?"

"Thank you kindly, miss; the garden will do." He pointed to a gravel-walk beyond us, bathed in the full flood of the moonlight. "There," he said, "where we can see all round us, and be sure that nobody is listening. At 10 o'clock." He paused and addressed himself to me. "I beg to apologize, sir, for intruding myself on your conversation. Please to excuse me."

His eyes rested with a last anxious, pleading look on Naomi's face. He bowed to us, and melted away into the shadow of the tree. The distant sound of a door, closed softly, came to us through the stillness of the night. John Jago had entered the house.

Now that he was out of hearing, Naomi spoke to me very earnestly: "Don't suppose, sir, I have any secrets with him," she said. "I know no more than you what he wants with me. I have half a mind not to keep the appointment. It's close on 10 now. What would you do in my place?"

"Having made the appointment," I answered, "it seems to be due to yourself to keep it. If you feel the slightest alarm, I will wait in another part of the garden, so that I can hear if you call me."

She received my proposal with a saucy toss of the head, and a smile of pity for my ignorance.

"You are a stranger, Mr. Lefrank, or you would never talk to me in that way. In America, we don't do the men the honor of letting them alarm us. In America, the women take care of themselves. He has got my promise to meet him, as you say, and I must keep my promise. Only think," she added, speaking more to herself than to me, "of John Jago finding out Miss Meadowcroft's nasty, sly, underhand ways in the house! Most men would never have noticed her!"

I was completely taken by surprise. Sad and severe Miss Meadowcroft a listener and a spy! What next at Morwick Farm? "Was that her motive in shutting eyes and ears, and the soft footsteps, really an allusion to Mr. Meadowcroft's daughter?" I asked.

"Of course it was. Ah! she has imposed on you as she imposes on everybody else. The false wretch! she is secretly at the bottom of half the bad feeling among the men. I am certain of it—she keeps Mr. Meadowcroft's mind bitter toward the boys. Old as she is, Mr. Lefrank, and ugly as she is, she wouldn't object (if she could only make him ask her) to be Mrs. Meadowcroft's second wife. No, sir, and she wouldn't break her heart if the boys were never to see a stick or a stone on the farm after her father dies. I have watched her, and I know it. Ah! I could tell you such things. But there's no time now. Nearly 10 o'clock striking! we must say good-night. I am right glad I have spoken to you, sir. I say again, at parting, what I have said already: Use your influence, pray use your influence, to soften them and to make them ashamed of themselves in this wicked home. We will have more talk about what you can do to-morrow, when you are shown over the farm. Shy gobbler! I shall be sure to keep my appointment. Look! here is John Jago stealing out again in the shadow of the tree! Good-night, friend Letrank; and pleasant dreams."

With one hand she took mine and pressed it cordially; with the other she pushed me away, without ceremony, in the direction of the house. A charming girl!—an irresistible girl! I was nearly as bad as the boys. I declare, I almost hated John Jago, too, as we crossed each other in the shadow of the tree.

Arrived at the gate, I stopped and looked back at the gravel-walk. They had met. I saw the two shadowy figures slowly pacing backward and forward in the moonlight, the woman a little in advance of the man. What was he saying to her? Why was he so anxious that not a word of it should be heard? Our presentiments are sometimes, in certain rare cases, the faithful prophecy of the future. A vague distrust of that moonlight meeting stealthily took a hold on my mind. Will, the mischief-maker of a child was plaguing me as I closed the door and entered the house. Mischief did come of it. You shall hear how.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why He Spoke in Meeting.

The good done by the falling of a single tear from a little child's eye is thus beautifully told:

A gentleman was once lecturing in the neighborhood of London. In the course of his address, he said, "All have influence; do not say that you have none; every one has some influence."

There was a rough man at the other end of the room with a little girl in his arms.

"Everybody has influence—even that little child," said the lecturer, pointing to her.

"That's true, sir," said the man.

Everybody looked around, of course, but the man said no more, and the lecturer proceeded.

At the close the man came up to the gentleman, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard, but I did not like to go to the public house alone. I used to carry this child. As I came near the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father!' 'Hold your tongue, child!' 'Please, father, don't go!' 'Hold your tongue, I say!' Gently a big tear fell on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round, and went home, and have never been in a public-house since, thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all, and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir; all have influence.'"

The labor reformer is seldom a labor performer.

STOLEN KISSES.

In silence and hush of a dream,
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gloaming
Of the fire, and never a word;
The stir will ever be there,
Breaking the silence in twain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

For a kiss would a maiden wake
From the drowse of a silvered sleep,
And a touch of true love would break
That repose that the lilies keep.
For ever the echo shall grieve,
Like the song of a repenting rain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

When hearts and lips have grown cold,
And love lies but for an hour;
When the moments have been sold,
And kisses have lost their power,
There shall still memory float,
No more a dream to enchain;
Yet stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!

CROSS PURPOSES

—OR—

The Mysteries of the Beacon Point.

BY MRS. M. F. WILLIAMS,

Author of "Miss Hervie's Fortune," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
WEDDING-GIFTS.

It was June again, just one year from the day when the "family arrangement" was made. Before the Fitzgeralds Homestead the family carriage was waiting in state, while within, the whole house was in that delightful state of repressed bustle which portends an important event. In her own apartment good Mrs. Fitzgerald was driving Papa F. distracted, by keeping him waiting after he was all dressed, while she attired herself after the manner affected by elderly mammas with newly-married husbands and marriageable daughters.

In Edith's room was a scene which gave a new turn to the course of excitement. Before the tall mirror stood Addie Fitzgerald, dressed all in bridal white, looking over her shoulder at the graceful and mischievous as in her jauntiest boating costume. I really suppose that on this occasion she ought to have been tender, tearful and eminently proper, for once; but candor compels me to admit that she was in the least subdued. Her dress of white, shining silk, with its long train and folds of snowy lace; her gleaming pearls (Egbert's gift); her veil of filmy gossamer, with its elaborate hair, which was certainly a miracle of the hairdresser's art—all failed to take from the saucy, mischief-lurked in her merry gray eyes, as she laughingly inquired of Edith, "What she supposed Bert was thinking of, just now?"

Edith in unmistakable bridesmaid's attire of cool blue lace, was the mischievous girl, and said, with a quiet smile:

"Addie, I believe you are incorrigible, if not even getting married can sober you."

For it was Addie's wedding-day. Enough Morwick, too, and the bustle was adding value to the whole of Beacon Hall. *There*, a few hours before, might have been observed the same air of preparation, the same excitement, only in Homestead: but now, the Hall was toned down to a quiet, sedate, ready-for-the-wedding appearance, only in Eugenie's chamber was any dressing or "getting ready" going on; here was a tableau like that other one at the Homestead, with the same principal figure. Addie and Leonie St. Elton. Eugenie's dress was the counterpart of Addie's, and Leonie her veil of filmy gossamer, and her elaborate hair, which was certainly a miracle of the hairdresser's art—all failed to take from the saucy, mischief-lurked in her merry gray eyes, as she laughingly inquired of Edith, "What she supposed Bert was thinking of, just now?"

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Roland had tried in vain to induce Leonie to be his bride that night, but she insisted that he must wait until the autumn, and even then he must not take her from her father, but must come and take up his abode at the Beacon House.

Down in the parlors, the Colonel and Mrs. Heriot were ready to receive the guests. In a little room opening off the largest parlor, two tables held the wedding gifts of the bride; and when the Fitzgeralde carriage came, deposited Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgeralde, and immediately returned for Addie and her sister, Mrs. Fitzgeralde's first desire was to "see how the wedding presents looked."

And the two ladies fluttered into the ante-room, leaving the two gentlemen to discuss the future prospects of the young people.

Very pretty indeed looked the elegantly arranged tables, with their display of shining gold and glittering glass and polished silver; nor was there wanting the flash of jewels and the sheen of costly fabrics. The list includes had many friends, and those friends had been very liberal in the way of gifts for the occasion.

"You haven't seen these, my dear," remarked Mrs. Heriot, pointing out the "Jabez carving" among the bridal offerings. "They arrived last night direct from France. These India shawls are from Capt. Durosier, and are most magnificent? just alike, and worth anything. Very handsome of the Captain, I think."

"Quite princely!" assented her friend.

And these inlaid dressing-cases are the gift of Capt. St. Elton and his wife. Did you ever see such a graceful design? Capt. St. Elton had them made to order, as they were intended for them all, too. You should see them, if there was time, but that will do by-and-by. They are to be left with us. Capt. and Mrs. Durosier says his friend is more in love with his wife than he was before he married her. They are living in Languedoc," and Mrs. St. Elton broke it; but the Captain thinks of resigning his commission. He thinks, as I do, that the army is no place for a married man, in time of peace."

"I know who these came from," said Mrs. Fitzgeralde, taking up two magnificently bound copies of a new and very popular poem.

The book was dedicated, in a written note upon the fly-leaf of each copy, to the two brides, and contained a vignette photograph of the author, with his autograph written below—Alfred St. Elton. But the name upon the title-page was a nom de plume, for Odin, with all the fame that he had won, still modestly concealed his real name from the public.

"Dear Odin!" said Mrs. Fitzgeralde. "Do you know, my dear, I sometimes believe I think as much of him as I do of Gerald? I was never so astonished in my life as when I was told that he was Monsieur St. Elton's son; I declare it quite stunned me for a while. And to-day I catch myself speaking of him to strangers as 'Odin Leigh.'"

"And Albert, too," responded Mrs. Heriot; "I like him better than I ever expected to do, for you see I really was a little prejudiced against him; but now I do think he is almost as good as Odin. How quiet the house will be when he come to the wedding! Are they going to matrimony, I wonder?"

"I never heard them say anything of the sort, I'm sure," replied her friend.

"They are so odd, you know," continued Mrs. Heriot. "Of course one doesn't expect Odin to marry, poor fellow; but I do very often wonder who Albert will have, or if he will ever have anybody."

"My dear," said Mrs. Fitzgeralde, "I wouldn't say so to any one else for the world; but, do you know, I really believe he likes Adelie?"

"How you talk! poor boy! Well, I hope he will get somebody as good as she. But there comes a carriage," and away bustled the two mammas to receive the arrivals.

The great parlors were crowded with the invited guests when the bridal party entered. Very charming looked the brides, and very proud and handsome looked the young husbands elect. Egbert was a very little "flustered," but pleased. Gerald took it as coolly as he took everything. Addie was her own self-reliant, independent self; and Eugenie, though very proper, had a little nervous and timid, was as sweet and lovely as a bride could well be.

Mrs. Fitzgeralde were all that bridesmaids ought to be. Edith was quiet as usual, and a little paler than was her wont; but Leonie was blushing like a rose over something which Roland, the only "groomsman," had whispered to her just before they entered.

"How beautiful they all look!" whispered *mater* Heriot to *mater* Fitzgeralde. "Now, if Oliver was here, I should be perfectly satisfied. It is six months since he went away; and whatever in the world gave him the notion to travel in Mexico is more than I can think. Mexico, indeed! He might as well have gone to Kamtschatka."

The ceremony was of the simplest, and was soon over, the usual kissing and hand-shaking was performed, the "wedding-fest" partaken of, and, said blessings, prayers, and, of course, a few tears, the two "young couples" departed on "the tour," which was to be a short one.

And when they should return from it, there was a handsomely furnished house in town, which Gerald had prepared for the reception of his bride; while Maplewood, now vacant, for Rosa was the married one, Howard Wilmot's only daughter, and Miss Raymond was married to an old lover of her girlish days, lately returned, a widower, from Europe; Maplewood, though now vacant, is not for long to remain so, for Egbert had fitted it up in a handsome manner for his bride, and thither he was to take Addie, when "the tour" was over.

Which programme, be it remembered, in passing, was fully carried out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ice and the Stomach.

The use of ice as a luxury, in the form of ice cream or of iced water, is becoming more prevalent in this country. Used in these ways they are generally taken, especially by the young, recklessly, without a thought of any serious, possibly fatal, results that may follow.

An average stomach has an immense task to digest three full meals a day; especially when, as is frequently the case, it is disturbed and irritated by food that is indigestible because of its quality or its quantity. Let it be remembered that there is nothing in the body—blood, muscle, membrane, bone, tendon, nerve, brain, or secretions—which has not come of the contents of the stomach. Neither is there a thought, a feeling, an emotion, a volition, or an act, which has not derived the material forces back of it from the stomach.

Now, that organ must, therefore, be highly organized. It has countless arteries, veins, nerves and glands. It is lined with a delicate mucous membrane, as much so as the air-tubes.

It is studded all over with glands which absorbs and pour into it that wonderful fluid, gastric juice. Its coats consist of different thin layers of muscles arranged crosswise, and these are constantly at work giving it that peculiar rolling motion by which the food is thoroughly mixed with the saliva. Every one of these muscular muscles when in action must have a special supply of blood. This is especially true of the stomach.

Food, therefore, fails to digest if the blood is withdrawn from the stomach, as, for instance, to the brain by study, severe thought, or by anxiety, immediately after eating.

Now, it is the nature of cold to contract all blood-vessels and drive back the blood, and to paralyze, more or less, all nerves. Of course, the flow of gastric juice is reduced, and digestion is arrested, and the proper motion of the stomach interfered with, by an ice-cold fluid introduced into it.

Further, when the reaction sets in, the blood-vessels become over-distended, producing often a dangerous congestion, and an increased thirst, with a demand for more ice-water, thus inducing a "vicious circle."

From what we have said, any reader can see that iced water, or ice cream, should not be taken into the stomach at the same time with food. Serious consequences often follow a disregard of this physical law.—*Youth's Companion.*

Just What He Wanted to Find Out.

A burly rowdy, who has already served five or six sentences, is brought before the police. Just as they are about to begin examination, "Mr. President," says he, "my lawyer is indisposed. I call for a delay of one week."

"But you have been caught in open misdemeanor, your hand in the pocket of the plaintiff. What could your lawyer say for you?"

"Precisely, Mr. President; I'm quite curious to know."

WIT is the man who does not betray bad as the man who does? Because his is no better.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

An Angel.

At breakfast late, her pouting lip
Tells nothing ails her ladyship.
Curl-papers all her power hide;
Her woven dress is worse for wear;
Her face is pale and sorrow-dyed;
And she is—well, she is sixteen.

Place bangs she till the room,
Which, like bonnets, out of time;
And then she struggles down to manner
Some calm and quieter for her female,
She scolds her not; with sister spats,
And calls the children horrid brats.

At eve—a transformation scene.
In dress she looks a radiant queen;
Her cheeks are rose, her eyes are bright,
Her smile is sweet and all delight.
What means this change? Oh, well, you see
Her beau is coming after tea.

In parlor sits T. Edward Jones,
Charmed by his "angel's" gentle tones,
And dazzled by her beauty, while
She sets his senses all a-wile.
Poor fellow! ere he pops may he
Think Jones a—not an angel be.

—*M. O. Dodge, in the Hawk-Eye.*

Learning to Sew.

To be handy with the needle is one of the sterling accomplishments of every educated woman. To be able to take the "stitch in time" is worth all the time that it requires, and thoroughly to learn the art. Like walking, reading and many other things which we come to do without special thought, the learning to sew is a slow process, and should be begun while the child is still quite young. The little girl should be taught the use of the thread, needles and patchwork, but be instructed how to take the stitches, turn the corners, and do various other things connected with needlework. We are not excluding the boys in our remarks, because they need to learn to sew and handle and do general sewing. Even if it is an age of sewing-machines, it is well that all children should learn to use the simple, common, old-fashioned kind, which can never be wholly superseded. The amusement which the girl should find in furnishing little folks afford a sufficient reason why all mothers should see that their girls, and boys too, learn to sew; but the very practical use of the needle in after life is the principal reason after all.

The Trifling Young Lady.

Miss Augustina Sedvil is a young lady yet in her teens, and possessed of great personal beauty, of which she is well aware. She is not deficient in intellect, although the natural powers of her mind have been sadly weakened by the petty, trifling pursuits of her life. Balls, parties, theatres, operas, occupy her entire thoughts when she has not on hand some flirtation to displace them for a short time. She was not up a match in knowledge of any kind, and as nature abhors a vacuum her head is crammed with bits of trashy novels, scraps of romantic sentiment, and all such weakly accessories that go to form and complete the character of the trifler. Her affections are easily won, because, placing very little value upon them herself, she is ready to present them to the first one who asks for them. If any lover dare take them away to bestow them on a second one may apply for them. During my recent principal inquiry in her character, the violation of her word, however solemnly pledged, forms no bar to her in the matter of her hand. A man of principle will pledge her heart to half a dozen at a time, and when circumstances happen to expose one publicly of her conduct she affects surprise that all her admirers were not aware that she was funning all the time.

The best and soundest-hearted man may be deceived by the blandishments of such a girl, and really feel a pang of honest attachment for her. The discovery of such a passion in any of her admirers is rare enough for her to place much on the war of the feelings with consummate skill, until she has got the poor fellow into the condition of a slave, to her by her qualities and laughter. On the two, though flushed with triumph, we pity the deceiver more than the deceived. Such lack of moral principle and integrity of character. Happy is the man who escapes the snares of such a being.

How to Get a Wife in India.

When a man in a decent rank of life wishes to marry, and can prove that he can maintain a wife and children decently, it is a customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byculla School, state his wish, and his rank, age, and income into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation into the merits of each is diligently, and if all promises satisfactorily, he is forthwith invited to drink tea with schoolmistress and young ladies, apparently to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of his intentions, and report, and those who desire to enter the matrimonial lists come forward and signify their wish to join the party. Previous to the gentleman's arrival, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserves herself for the next tea-party exhibition.

We have known an instance when an amorous old gentleman from an out-station presented himself three successive times at these soirees in the hope of obtaining a wife to cheer the solitude of his no-country residence, but all in vain, the young ladies unanimously rejected him with the highest disdain, wondering "how such an ugly old fellow could have the impudence to think of a wife?" But a very different reception is given to the dashing young Sergeant or smart-looking conductor if their attentions are never repulsed, and the announcement of the "chosen intended," as Miss Partners would say, is received with the utmost impatience by many an anxious young heart. The wedding speedily follows, the bride's modest "trousseau" being provided from the funds of the establishment, and every girl in the school cheerfully contributing her aid in the manufacture of the dresses.—*Life in Bombay.*

Queens of the Cabinet.

Seldom, writes a Washington correspondent, has it been that, in the selection of a Cabinet, the wives of the members enjoyed such distinction, apart from the reputation of their husbands, as do some of those of the present administration. Mrs. Blaine is a fine-looking lady, tall, with good features, and hair well sprinkled with gray. She is pleasant in her manner, and is quite conversationalist, and shrewd. Her long experience in public life has made her a valuable acquisition to the administration, or at least to that part of it represented by her husband. She can keep a secret and ward off the inquisitive. Mrs. Blaine possesses those peculiar qualifications which make a wife a great comfort and aid to a public man. Mrs. Windom is a fine, matronly lady, who has never shown any disposition for society and its frivolities. While she always dresses well, and tastily, in either black silk or satin, or some solid color, there is nothing dashing to distinguish her in a crowded reception-room. She appears to best advantage in the home circle. The oddest fish in the Cabinet pot is found in Mrs. J. Kirkwood, the Secretary of the Interior. He is a plain man, and has an agricultural appearance, but the one who picks him up as a fish will be a lucky fisher. Little is known of his wife beyond the fact that she is an estimable lady, who partakes in a measure the plain manner of her husband, and has a limited circle of acquaintances. Secretary Lincoln's wife was Mary Harlan, daughter of ex-Senator Harlan, a woman of exquisite loveliness. In her younger days the suitors for her hand were numbered by the score. Her presence in the charmed circle of the Cabinet will add to its brilliancy. The lady that Mrs. MacVeagh is Simon Cameron's daughter has given her a reputation which has preceded her here. She is tall, fine of figure, and, having spent years in society with her father when he was in the zenith of his political glory and power, comes well prepared for the new honors which both her husband and herself will receive. Those who know her intimately say that she possesses in a marked degree many of the characteristics which distinguish her father, and that these traits are more largely developed than in any of her relatives. Having been brought up in a political atmosphere, she has acquired the faculty of meeting men and women at a glance; and I am told that here has been the directing mind in many of the movements made by her husband. Mrs. Hunt will be the belle of the Cabinet beyond a doubt. She is a beautiful lady, graceful in manner and cultivated in taste. Mrs. Hunt is one of the best-educated ladies in Washington, and has a brilliant society woman. Her circle of acquaintances is large and she entertains with true Southern liberality. Postmaster James has a lovely wife, who will be an ornament to society here.

Won Without Loss.

AS A RULE, military men are much more fortunate than civilians in the love they light. The General who sacrifices 2,000 or 3,000 men in a successful assault is hailed by the people as a hero. Hen, if he could have gained the same advantage by head work, with the loss of only 100 men, the code of military ethics stigmatises his performance as that of a butcher.

An illustration of this contrast between professional and public opinion occurred during the Peninsular war.

The siege and capture of Vera Cruz, and its strong castle of San Juan de Ulloa, was one of the most brilliant achievements of the campaign. Within twenty days after landing, Gen. Scott took the city, 5,000 prisoners, and 400 cannon. The American loss was sixty-four killed and wounded.

The success was due to head-work, and that was what the people could not or did not appreciate. A great victory, to be appreciated by the public, must be accompanied by a "long bombardment"—that is, a report of thousands killed and wounded.

A few weeks before the capture of Vera Cruz, Gen. Taylor had defeated the Mexicans at Buena Vista. The lists of killed and wounded on both sides reported thousands.

When the news reached Gen. Brooke, commanding at New Orleans, he rushed to report in hand, to the Exchange, and threw the whole city into a frenzy of joy.

In a few days the same scene was the same General of the capture of Vera Cruz. He again visited the Exchange to spread the news.

"How many men has Scott lost?" called out a merchant from the crowd.

"Lost none," said Brooke, delighted to say," answered Gen. Brooke.

"That won't do," responded the merchant. "Taylor has the man for my money. He always loses thousands."

The crowd only gave a few faint cheers for Vera Cruz. There was no "hatchet's full" to stimulate their enthusiasm.

Yet military men regarded the capture as one of the brilliant sieges of modern warfare.

Growth in Wealth.

The United States must soon take rank as the wealthiest nation in the world. It will be behind only England and France in its present valuation, and its average annual increase of wealth is greater than that of both of those nations combined.

It is estimated at $850,000,000. This it an enormous gain, more than the entire productive industry of Spain, or Italy, or Russia. The resources of our country, both agricultural and mineral, surpass those of any other country; the working energies of the people is great, and their industry is more constant and universal.

The standing armies of Europe impoverish the nations. Their direct cost is immense, but their indirect cost is greater. For 200,000,000 of men the best laborers are turned from producers into consumers. Their labor ought to produce an average value per man of $500 a year. An army of 300,000 men occasions, therefore, a loss in productive industry of $150,000,000 per year.

The comparative net gain to the United States, by the absence of a standing army, must be at least $200,000,000 per year. Such a saving enables us to outstrip all other nations in the increase of wealth.

RANGER clothing can not debase a man as much as a frayed reputation.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

COAL-SCUTTLES are now manufactured of cork.

AN elephant drinks about forty-five gallons of water a day.

THE people of Ceylon worship the tooth of an elephant; those of Malabar the tooth of a monkey.

IT is calculated that sixty tons of steel are annually consumed in the manufacture of steel pens.

BEES have very little power of communicating with each other. F. Miller gives curious instances of the inability of the bees to invent for themselves a natural language.

A QUANTITY of flour was exposed by a French experimenter to a pressure of 300 tons, reducing it to one-fourth its original bulk. A portion of it was then placed in cans and sealed, the same being done with some unpressed flour. A year afterward the cans were opened, when the unpressed flour was found to be spoiled, while the pressed was in excellent preservation.

A SPIDER'S web affords an excellent barometer. An old sportsman of Coldwater, Mich., observed that one preserved in his house has proved almost invariably correct. When rain and wind are expected, the spider shortens the threads which suspend the web. When reefs are let out, fine weather may be certain, but if the spider remains inert, rain will probably follow within a short time.

TWELVE years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth there was not a plow in the vicinity of Boston, and the farmers broke up the land with hoes or other hand implements. In 1637 there were but eight or nine plows in the whole State, and at a later period it was the custom for one owning a plow to do nearly if not all the plowing for a town. The town supplied a bounty to one who would buy and keep a plow in repair and do the work in this way.

THE smallest bird, probably, is the eagle of the sea, or frigate-bird, often measuring sixteen feet from tip to tip. It hovers at an elevation of 10,000 feet when a storm sweeps over the ocean. If it wishes to travel, says a French naturalist, it can almost annihilate space. It can breakfast in Africa and dine in America. This bird reposes on its great motionless wings, literally "sleeping on the bosom of the air."

THERE are in our land 25,520,582 males and 24,632,284 females. The natives number 43,475,866, and the foreign born, 6,677,360. There are 43,475,877 white and 6,577,151 colored persons. Beside those on reservations under Government care there are 65,132 Indians and half-breeds. The "myriads of Chinese" number 105,463, and there are 2,500 other than Mongolians. For every 100,000 males there are 96,019 females against 97,801 in 1870.

CROTON Aqueduct, by which New York city is supplied with water, was at the time of its completion, and in fact still is, regarded as one of the wonders of the world. Its length is 38½ miles, and it is built most of this distance of brick, stone and cement, inclosed near the city in a tunnel 7 feet 6 inches wide in the bottom, 7 feet 8 inches at the top, and 8 feet 8 inches high. It is carried over Harlem river on a magnificent bridge, 1,460 feet long, and 114 feet above high-water mark.

Suicidal Facts.

The Frenchman kills himself to a very large extent. No less than 149 Frenchmen committed suicide every week. This is what we might expect of a people struggling to remember day by day whether they are living under a King or an Emperor or one of two or three kinds of republics. The reading of newspapers is responsible for much of the public cause of suicide. The reader is liable at almost any time to be shocked by discovering a paragraph setting forth some occurrence of not more than three days old. Of course, a Frenchman of a nervous temperament would be seriously disturbed by a succession of such shocks happening within a space of six months, and would very likely in his exasperation take the same course of death. Life is hardly worth living in a country where you may be dragged out of bed at any hour in the night by excited patriots and required to lend a hand in upsetting the Government. The wonder is, not that so many Frenchmen commit suicide, but that suicide is not the universal practice.

One would imagine that the Danes would very seldom kill themselves. They have a small country, the geography of which any master has half an hour, and they are believed to be a prosperous and happy people, exempt from the ambitions of nations and to a very great degree from daily newspapers and malaria. Nevertheless, out of the small population of Denmark 258 persons kill themselves every year. The fact admits of but two explanations, neither of which will be felt to be fully satisfactory. We are assured that as a nation the Danes are still trying to understand what was the the famous Schleswig-Holstein question which led to the war with Prussia and Austria, and that many of them are thereby reduced to such a state of disgust that they seek refuge in death; or, we may suppose that the Muhlbach novels, which a few years ago devastated this country, have been translated into Danish and are universally read. These two causes would undoubtedly be sufficient to account for any quantity of suicides, but it is not certain that either the

THE DROUGHT IN TURKEY.

There was no Turkey, years ago,
A fearful drought as all must know.
The Turks to Allah prayed for rain,
On hands and knees, but all in vain.

Of weddings prophets quite a score
Were strangled—still it wouldn't pour.
At last the Turks met in despair,
When one arose—the wisest there,
And said: "If mad dervishes, we do;
Let's start the Jews a-praying, too!"

No sooner said than done. That day
Each Jew was ordered out to pray.
But, like the Turks, they prayed in vain—
The sun grew hotter, and the ground
Was burned for miles and miles around.

The thirsty Turks, despairing more,
Banished as they had before.
"If this keeps on," the wise man said,
"In my opinion, we'll be dead.
But there's another card to play:
Make all the dogs of Christians pray."

At once each Christian was at work
A-praying, guarded by a Turk,
Who on the Prophet's beard had sworn
To kill each dog of them by morn
Unless it rained. So all night
The Christians prayed with might and main.

The morning broke, and, lo! the rain
Came down in floods, and would it stop
To cease till all the Turks around
Begged it to stop, lest they'd be drowned.

When it had cleared the Turks came out,
Forgetting there had been a drought,
And said that Christian dogs could pray
And get an answer right away.

"Our Allah loves us not!" they cried.
"It isn't so," the sage replied;
"He loves to hear his faithful pray
So much, he kept the rain away.
But, when the Christian dogs kept down,
Great Allah's fame assumed a frown;
To listen to them he wouldn't deign,
And so, to shut them up—sent rain.

A WRESTLE WITH NIAGARA.

I was standing about thirty or forty yards in advance of the Clifton—that is, thirty or forty yards nearer the "Horseshoe," along the brink of the rapids, and opposite the American fall. The ground must have been about the same height as the opposite fall; but the volume of the immense hill down which the rapids rush, it was possible to distinguish any object of the size of a boat a considerable distance above the fall, so that, now it was pointed out to me, I saw, in the middle of the rapid, a huge log of wood, the trunk of a tree, which I had lodged there some years before, and upon it a black speck. This, after some observation, I perceived to be a man—a man. Yes; he and his two companions had, on the previous night, been rowing about some distance above the fall. By some means or other they had ventured too near the rapids, had lost all command of their boat, and been hurried away to destruction. It was supposed that about half a mile above the fall the boat had struck a rock, with two wretched men still clinging to it, went over the fall at about 9 or 10 o'clock at night, the third man was driven against this log of wood, climbed upon it, and sat astride of it through the darkness of the night, amid the roar, the turmoil and the dashing spray of the rapids.

I crossed the river, ascended the rock by the usual way, and hurried to the spot where I found him so near that I could almost distinguish his countenance. He was then lying along the log, embracing it with both arms, and appeared exhausted to the last degree. He was evidently soaked to the skin, and the water he had been standing under was. By this time people were assembling, and different plans for his assistance were proposed and discussed on all sides; scarcely, indeed, one effort had been made. A small boat had been placed at the end of a strong cable, and dropped down to him from the bridge, which crossed the rapid between the mainland and Goat island, about sixty yards above the log.

This boat had proceeded a few yards in safety, was upset, spun round like a piece of cork at the end of a thread by the force of the water, which finally snapped the cable in two, and the boat disappeared over the fall.

But now a dispatch had been sent to Buffalo (a distance of a little more than 20 miles) by electric [illegible] directing that a life-boat should be sent by the first train, 9:30 A. M., and this in time arrived, borne on the shoulders of about twenty men, and a splendid boat she was—large, built entirely of sheet iron, with air-tight chambers in her sides, so could not sink. She was girt round with strong ropes, and two new two-inch cables brought with her. All this arrangement naturally took up much time, and the poor wretch's impatience seemed extreme, so that it was thought advisable to let him know what was going on. This was done by means of a sheet, upon which was written in large letters in Dutch (his native language) "The life-boat is coming." He stood up, looked intently for a minute, and then nodded his head. When the boat was at last launched, the excitement was intense. Two cables, each held by many men, were let down from either end of the bridge, so that they might have some command in directing the course of the boat down the river. She sank generally to dance upon the surface of the water like a cork.

The rapid consists of a number of small falls distributed unevenly over all parts of the river, so that there are thousands of cross currents, eddies and whirlpools, which it would be utterly impossible to avoid, and in which was the danger of transit for any boat between the bridge and the log. That life-boat came on very steady at first; she arrived at the first fall; she tripped up and swung round with a rush, but continued her course safely, only half filled with water. Again she descended with safety, but at length approaching the second fall, a crowd unmanageable, swinging either way with immense force, spinning completely over, and finally dashing against the log with such violence that I fully expected the whole thing, man and all, to have been dislodged and hurried down the rapid. But, no. It stood firm—the life-boat reached its destination. Yet, alas! how useless was its position. It lay completely on its side above the log, and with its hollow inside directed toward the bridge, played upon by the whole forces of the current, which fixed its keel firmly against the log. It seemed immovable. The man himself climbed toward it, and in vain tried to pull, lift or move the boat; nor was it moved until, both cables being brought to one side of the river by the united force of fifty or sixty men, she was dislodged, and swung down the rapid upside-down, finally pitching headlong beneath an eddy, entangling one of her cables on the rocks, and there lying beneath a heavy fall of water, until in the course of the day, one cable being broken by the efforts of the men to dislodge her, and the other by the sheer force of the current, she went over the falls—the second sacrifice to the poor fellow—he still clung to the log, gawzed between hope and fear. The loss of this boat seemed a great blow to him, and he appeared, as I myself could judge at a distance, at times to give way to the utmost despair. A third boat was now brought—another, very long and flat-bottomed. Its passage was most fortunate, and as she floated down, even alongside of the log without accident, provisions, and every convenience, and we all felt the man might be saved. Hope also had revived in him. He stood for some time upon the log making signals to those who directed the boat.

He eagerly seized her, drew her toward him, jumped into her, and made signs to them to draw him up. This was commenced, but some of the tackle had caught, and it was deemed necessary to let it loose for an instant. This was done; the boat floated a few feet down the rapid, swung round the lower end of the log, entangling the cable beneath it, and there remained immovably fixed. Once more the poor fellow's work began. He drew off one of his boots and bailed the boat, he pushed at the log, climbed upon it, and used every possible exertion to move the boat, but in vain! An hour was spent in these fruitless efforts—an hour of terrible suspense to all who beheld him. He worked well, for he worked for his life. Three months after, this boat retained its position, nor will it move until the rocks grind man and boat to two, or the waters tear it piecemeal into shreds.

Another plan must be devised, and this, with American promptitude, was soon done. A raft of from twenty to thirty feet long and five feet broad was knocked together with amazing rapidity. It consisted of two stout poles, made fast, five feet asunder, by binding four or five pieces of two-inch board at each extremity; thus the machine consisted of a sort of skeleton raft, with a small stage at either end. On one of these stages—that to which the cables (of which there were two) were lashed—was tightly fixed a large empty cask, for the sake of its buoyancy, on the other a complete network of cords, to which the man was to lash himself; also a tin can of refreshments, he having taken nothing since the evening before; three or four stanch oars, by the way, had been let down to him already, attached to strong pieces of new line, but the cords had in every instance been snapped, and the lines lost.

The raft was finished, launched, and safely let down to the log. The poor fellow consented to lash himself, with two lashed his legs firmly, and then signaled to draw up. The raft advanced under the first pull, but the head, owing to the great light cask, dipped beneath it, and as the raft still advanced the water broke over it to such a depth that the man was obliged to raise himself upon all fours, keeping his chin well elevated to avoid being drowned. We expected at every pull to see his head disappear for ever, but they pulled in vain, for the front of the raft, pressed down by the weight of falling water, kept along the surface with a rock and would not advance. The ropes were slackened, she fell back, but again would not advance. Again and again they persisted to let her swing to another part of the rapid, where the stream did not appear so impetuous (perhaps it was done, and a second attempt to draw it up was made, half way between the log and the opposite shore (Goat island). This also failed from the same cause, therefore it was proposed to endeavor to get the raft down, and then swing round upon the island. This was commenced, but with the old result, the cable was caught in the rocks, and the boat was dragged round with a shroud by the wave that was floating easily, and the poor fellow could rest.

Early in the day, for the afternoon was now far advanced, one of the large ferry boats (built expressly for crossing passengers from Buffalo) had been brought, but had lain idle. This was now put into requisition, and nobly she rode toward the raft, while in breathless silence we all watched her as she dipped at the various falls, and each time recovered herself. We shuddered as she was launched, for I began to see that the poor fellow not be saved by a boat; a boat never could return against a rapid, however well able to stem it. No sooner would her bow come in contact with a fall than it would dip, fill and spin round, as did the first skiff which was lost.

The poor fellow himself was getting impatient—visibly so. He untied his lashing, stood upright upon the raft, eagerly waiting to seize the boat and jump into her. She had but one more fall to pass, and that fall was situated just above where he stood; she passed at the brink of it, swung down to it like lightning, and, as he leaned forward to seize her, she rose on the returning wave, struck him in the chest, and he struggled hopelessly in the overwhelming torrent.

The exclamation of horror, for it was not a cry, which burst from the thousands who by this time were assembled for the rescue, preserved the breathless silence with which we watched him, fighting with the waters as they hurried him along upright, waving both hands above his head. We lost sight of him at intervals, yet again and again he reappeared, and I thought hours must have passed, but of one brief half minute. But the end came at last; once I saw his arms wildly waved above his head, and, in an instant, he was turned from the spot in dead silence. The man was lost.

Able to Support Themselves.

The imperial family of Germany is quite able to support itself. If the Crown Prince succeeded to the throne he could easily win bread and butter by his skill as a turner; while his eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is an excellent amateur artisan. On the Emperor's cabinet are several samples of his dead grandson Waldemar's proficiency as a bookbinder. This acquirement is in accordance with the traditionary customs in the royal family, which prescribe that every Prince and Princess shall learn some useful handicraft, so as to strengthen his spirit of independence and make him wise through actual contact with the material world.

"Know what good society is? I reckon I do!" cried Mr. Grif. "Why I've been put out of more than twenty as well as fair a one ever wore gotten up in this city."—*Boston Post.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE NEW DOLL.

You're a beautiful, beautiful dolly,
And dressed like a sweet little queen;
Ma'n sure for you, dolly, you must smile,
When I've but a rag—all so mean.
I know that in arms are the cherubs
In head very funny and fat;
In eyes anything but the clearest;
Yet old friends are best for all that.

Your hair falls in ringlets as frozen,
Your eyes are delightfully blue;
Your cheeks they are rosy and waxen,
You're charming, I'll give you your due,
Yet shall I give up Rosy Baker,
Who hasn't a shoe nor a hat,
Because you're a splendid dressmaker?
No! old friends are best for all that.

You come Christmas morn, in my stocking;
I ought to be proud, I suppose;
And wait to be pleased would be shocking;
Do, Betty dear, turn out your toes.
Oh, you are my every-day dolly!
And this one is side dress and hat
I'll put on the shelf: call it folly,
Yet old friends are best, for all that.

How Elbert Collins Missed a Tardy Mark.

Elbert Collins had never been marked absent or tardy since his first going to school in September, and it was his ambition to finish the whole year without a mark, partly because he liked to be prompt, and partly because he thought it would be so nice to see his name in his paper at the end of the year.

December had come, and the short mornings were very lively ones in his mother's little kitchen. Breakfast at so many things to be done before the 9 o'clock bell. There was the wood-box to fill, the canary to feed, and generally the cradle to rock; while the mother attended to such work as could be done best while there was some one to look after the baby.

On this particular morning, however, the mother had gone to Mrs. Brown's, around the corner, for a cup of yeast, and had become so interested in a recipe for pleasede bread, a subject for

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CHICAGO LEDGER LIBRARY.

The proprietors of THE CHICAGO LEDGER, for the purpose of extending the circulation of their journal, and to give additional instruction and amusement to their readers, propose to donate books for a circulating library for their subscribers.

Our plan is to give one book from the published list, which will be found upon the fifth page of this paper, for every *new subscriber* which our present subscribers will induce to take THE LEDGER, and for which they, or some one for them, will remit $1.00.

If the subscribers of THE LEDGER, in a given neighborhood, or village, will act in concert, they may easily double the number of subscribers taken at that postoffice; thus if there be twenty taken they may secure twenty books, which by the same concert of action may be selected and interchanged for reading, making practically a free circulating library for a neighborhood. The premium books will only be sent by us to the address of the person actually making the remittance.

It must be understood that the books sent belong to the persons sending these subscribers, but may be loaned to other subscribers only. We will not undertake any control of them after mailing, except as suggested, that neighbors may interchange them if they are subscribers to THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S MARVELOUS ACHIEVEMENT.

The publication of the details of the battle at Spitzkop between the Boers and the English was one of the most marvelous feats of newspaper and telegraph enterprise ever known. The London *Standard* sent Mr. Cameron, the hardy, resolute, fearless African explorer, with the British advance to report its operations. He accompanied it in its difficult march to the summit of the fatal height. When the Boers made that gallant charge in the face of the English bayonets, about which they brag so much, and poured over into the basin, from which they drove the English like sheep, Mr. Cameron was knocked down, run over, trampled upon and captured. He showed his newspaper credentials and note-book, and, having established his professional identity, was requested to act as a flag-of-truce bearer to enable the English to take care of their wounded. He reached the British camp that night and wrote his dispatch of about 2,500 words. That dispatch was put upon the army field wires and reached the coast. Hence it traveled up the east coast of Africa, over 3,000 miles, and tapped the East Indian wires in the Gulf of Aden, thence on the bottom of the Red sea, another 2,000 or 3,000 miles, to the Mediterranean, thence on the bottom of the Mediterranean to Italy, thence through Italy and over the Alps and through France and across the British channel to London. Not stopping there, it goes to Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, and speeds across the Atlantic to Newfoundland, thence to New York, and from New York across the continent to San Francisco, and on the following morning it is printed in every daily newspaper in the civilized world—a thousand of them in this country. Is there anything more marvelous in the "Arabian Nights" than that one in Chicago can sit down to breakfast and read the details of a battle that took place the day before in the southernmost parts of Africa, thirty degrees below the equator, and almost at the antipodes?

HEROES AS ARE HEROES.

The late Mr. Thackeray had a story, which he was wont to tell with great enjoyment, of a novelist whose first manuscript was sent back by the publisher's reader with a hint that it would be well if he would give every character a stud or two in rank. The country Squire was to be turned into a wealthy Baronet; the Knight into a mushroom peer, ennobled for his wealth; the Earl was to become a Duke; and the mysterious air, let an illegitimate action of royalty. The scheme was adopted; the novel succeeded, and its author, who has since largely contributed to the revenues of the trunk-maker and the botterman, never afterward introduced a character into his stories of less rank than a Captain in the Guards.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

GLASS EYES.

A reporter of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* has been investigating the trade in glass eyes. From the leading dealer in the West, a firm which has sold glass eyes for many years, he learned that there were as many as 1,000 wearers of them in that city, and that from 600 to 800 eyes are sold there every year. The best eyes are made at Uri, in Germany, the manufacture centering at that place on account of the occurrence there of fine silicates and other minerals needed in the business. The German eyes withstand corrosive action of tears and other secretions better than those made in France.

At Uri are made also vast quantities of eyes used by taxidermists in mounting birds, animals, and other natural history specimens, beside a superior quality of glass marbles, known to boys as agates.

The artificial eye is a delicate shell or case, very light and thin, and concave so as to fit over what is left of the eyeball. The shell is cut from a hollow ball or bubble of glass, the iris is blown in, and then the whole is delicately recoated.

The trade in Chicago has undergone a curious change. Twenty years ago there were sold very many more dark eyes than light, but from that period on the sale of dark eyes has been perceptibly dying out. Now nearly all are light eyes, say twenty light to one dark. In Boston the percentage is even larger, about thirty-five blue or light eyes to one brown; while, on the other hand, in New Orleans fifty brown or dark eyes are sold to one light. Regarding the changes of color in Chicago, of course fashion has nothing to do with it. No one has yet decreed that parti-colored optics shall be the rage. The change simply shows that the influx of population has been from the East principally and from Northern Europe.

Surgical operations are performed much more skillfully than formerly. Time was when it was deemed necessary to take out the eye entirely. Then the artificial eye became a fixed, glassy, staring object. Now amputation of portions of the eye can be performed in very many instances, and the glass eye fitted on the stump, which moves quite naturally.

Sometimes those who have lost an eye will keep two or three artificial substitutes. They will use one for the daylight with a small pupil, and another for night time with a large pupil to offset the dilatation.

MASCULINE WEARERS OF CORSETS.

Do men wear corsets? Lucy H. Hooper, the Paris correspondent, says that they do, and to prove her case she quotes from a letter written her by a gentleman who was educated in one of the best private boarding-schools in Vienna, Austria, remaining there from the age of 12 to that of 17. In common with all his fellow-pupils, who are sixty in number, he wore corsets during the whole of his five years' stay at the school. He was informed by his teacher that Viennese gentlemen, as a rule, wore corsets, and that the discipline was naturally enforced on all their scholars. "My stays were very tightly laced—my waist during my last year at the school being but eighteen inches in circumference—yet I never experienced a day's illness, and used very much to enjoy the sensation caused by tight lacing. When I left the school I discontinued the practice, partly from the fear of being ridiculed by my friends, and partly because it seemed too effeminate a custom for a young man in an active business life; but I have retained a great love for the matter, and I understand that many English gentlemen wear corsets, and that the practice of tight lacing among men is becoming very general in Europe." Commenting upon this, Lucy Hooper says: "It is undoubtedly a fact that a good many English gentlemen wear stays, particularly when they ride on horseback. So general is the custom becoming, that certain corsetmakers in London now advertise themselves as gentlemen staymakers. The practice is also quite prevalent in Prussia, particularly among the officers of the army. But a stiff and upright carriage is not considered in good taste among the Parisian exquisites, and so the white satin corsets of the dandies of Compiegne have found but few imitators in France."

NEW YORK REBUILT.

Mr. Peter Cooper says that the only New York building which he remembers as existing during his childhood is St. Paul's Church. Two are partially the same—Washington's headquarters in Water street and also the headquarters at the foot of Broadway. With these exceptions (added to three houses in Harlem) the entire city has been rebuilt.

Those who have tried it confess that a large, healthy mustard plaster worn on the back contains more heat than a heavy overcoat.

HOME TOPICS.

MUFFINS.—One pint of sour milk, piece of melted butter size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls saleratus, flour enough for a stiff batter.

SHRIMP SAUCE.—Take half a pint of shrimps, pick out all the meat from the tails, pound the rest in a mortar with the juice of half a lemon and a piece of butter; pass the whole through a sieve. Make a pint of melted butter; put the meat from the tails into it, add a dust of cayenne, and when the sauce boils stir into it the shrimp butter that has come through the sieve, with or without a table-spoonful of cream.

CAULIFLOWER.—This is a very pretty addition to a jar of pickled cabbage, but it must be put in salt and water for two days first before it is added to the cabbage.

TEA CAKE.—Four cups flour, four cups sweet milk, two eggs, two spoonfuls cream of tartar, one teaspoonful saleratus, small piece of butter, sweeten if you like.

WHIP CREAM.—Half a pound of powdered sugar, juice of two lemons, one gill of sherry. Mix and add one pint of thick, rich cream. Set on ice, whip to a strong froth, and serve in glasses.

CRAIGIE TOAST.—Three eggs, beaten well, one green chili cut fine, the inside of two tomatoes cut into small pieces, a little milk and one ounce butter, all mixed together with a little salt, then heated and served on hot toast.

PORK CHOPS.—Cut some cutlets from a neck of pork, trim them neatly and take off the chine bone; give them a few blows with the bat, and grill them on or in front of the fire; sprinkle them with salt and arrange them in a circle on a dish, with mashed potatoes in the center and the following sauce round them: Put a large piece of butter, rolled in flour, in a stewpan, slightly rubbed with garlic; add mushrooms and a little chopped shalot; moisten with equal quantities of vinegar and broth; add salt and grated nutmeg; strain, boil it up, add a little mustard, stir well and serve.

APPLE COMPOTE.—Peel, core and halve six large apples, trimming them so as to get them all of a size; drop them as they are done into cold water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it to prevent their turning brown. Have ready a strong syrup (made with one pound of sugar and quart of water) boiling hot; put the apples into this, with the thin rind of a lemon and two or three cloves. As soon as they are cooked—great care must be taken that they do not break—take them out and dispose them, concave side uppermost, on a glass dish; place a piece of currant jelly or quince jelly in the hollow of each apple, then well reduce the syrup and when cold pour as much of it as is necessary under the apples.

ICED CAKES.—The following mode of icing cakes was taught many years ago by a clever cook: Pound some loaf sugar in a mortar, then sift it till it is like fine dust. Beat some whites of eggs to a froth, and mix the sugar with them till the whole is a stiff paste. Take a little of this paste and place it in another dish; add to it a very little prepared oatmeal, just enough to give it a pink tinge. When the cakes are drawn from the oven lay the white icing smoothly all over; then, through a cone of stiff notepaper, squeeze the pink icing in patterns on the top of the white. Stand the cakes in a cool oven for ten minutes, then put away in a dry place. To give greater consistency to the icing, some people add powdered starch; but it is not, of course, so nice to eat. The proportions are, for the icing described, one-half pound of sugar to the whites of two eggs. For safe traveling the cake should be packed in a round cake-tin which fits it, that again being inclosed in a wooden box.

SCHMIDT'S MISTAKE.

I geeps a leetle shtore down Broadway, but I don't got much shtock in ter shtore. Der gomes once a gustomy in, vot tolzt me of a shentlemans who got some goots to sell scheap; so I writes to ter shentlemans and ask him for ter prefasal of dot goots. He gafe me ter prefasal; dot is, he say I couldn't had dem but he would come one day to my shtore, und if we was in goot shtanding we might do together some peesness. Von morning, ven I was my gounder pehindt, there gomes in a shentlemans, and he say, "Mister Schmidt, I peleeve." I say "Ya." After a leetle, he look my shtore round and he say, "Mr. Schmidt, you don't got much shtock in ter shtore." Now I vant to make some goot imbressions, so I tell him, "You don't suppose it was possible I got more as dree dousand dollars in ter shtore, ain't it?" He say, "You don't toldt me." Now I didn't mean dat it was possible, because I didn't vant to be like Shorge Washington, ven he ent ter big alm on Boston Gommon mit his leedle hatchet down, and den vent and toldt some lies about it. Ter shentlemans he takes a leedle book from his pocket out, und he say, "Vell, Mister Schmidt, you ought to know better as anybody how much you got in ter shtore, so I put you down dree dousand dollars." I say, "Vat you mean by put me down dree dousand dollars?" Den he doll me he vos one of dose dax-men or assessors, und he shake me py der handt and call me honest Dutcher ever vos, because I didn't try to scheat ter Governments. I dell you vot, I feel more sheaper as 50 per cent. ven dot mail leaf my shtore.

A FATHER'S FIERCE VENGEANCE.

An old man named Dahlgreen lived before the war in the northern part of Tennessee. His home was a pleasant one, and with his wife and two sons he lived very happily on his farm until a quarrel arose between neighbors. The difficulty was patched, but one of the sons—both of whom had grown to man's estate—conceived that he had been wronged, and one day, while he and his brother were passing along the road in a wagon, they came up with five men, their neighbors, and the quarrel broke out afresh. The young men were courageous and would not be intimidated by their opponents. Hot words led to blows, and the five young men, pulling pistols, fired upon the two Dahlgreen boys and killed them. They ran away, and, fearing the vengeance of old man Dahlgreen, for he was seven then considered quite an old man, disappeared from the community. Of course Dahlgreen and his wife were nearly distracted at the death of their "boys," of whom they were very proud, and Mrs. Dahlgreen never recovered from the blow, but about the time the war broke out died, and the husband was left to lament the separation of his family.

He conceived the idea that nothing was left in this life for him, except to obtain vengeance on the men who had robbed him of his sons. He devoted the remainder of his life to this purpose. He began systematically to search for the five men, whose names were Gridley, Black, Howitt, Meyers and a man called "Black Tom," but whose true name was Lurday, and one after another was met and killed. He had no scruples, no conscience. His sole object was to put the villains who had made life no object to him out of the way. He took no interest in the war. It mattered not whether the North or South were victorious. He shot Meyers and Lurday in Tennessee and escaped the officers who were set upon his track. The old man disappeared from his country, and no traces of him were heard for several years. The man Gridley died of pneumonia in Cincinnati, and Black is serving out a term in the State penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, for burglary.

The last of these men, Hewitt, was slowly but surely tracked by Dahlgreen to Colorado, and it was there in a little town on the frontier of the State, at Coyote, he came up with him and shot him in cold blood, after he had thrown up his hands and asked for mercy. The little community was terribly excited about the murder, and started officers on the track of Dahlgreen, who threw them off the scent.

NEVADA JOURNALISM.

The editor of a Nevada journal sees in the civil paper a political announcement which, after careful search, he fails to find in his own sheet. Thereupon he seats himself and writes:

A NICE FELL.—Bill Wiggins is out with an announcement that he is a candidate for sheriff. Who is Wiggins? A hundred persons have asked us this question within the past few days, and we have taken pains to look up his record. Wiggins is a man who has resided in the community for the last six years, seeking office and finding none. He has herded like an old mule, stiff-legged, at every ticket he has not been on, and tried to beat every combination that was not made in his interest. He is a political parasite, that the voters of the town should put their foot on for the last time. He needs a final quietus, and the next—

Just then Mr. Wiggins entered and laid down $5 for his announcement, explaining that he had intended to bring it earlier, but it had slipped his mind. He was hardly around the corner before the editor had thrown his article in the waste-basket, and wrote as follows:

A REPRESENTATIVE MAN.—We are glad to announce this week that Col. William Wiggins, well and favorably known in these parts, announces himself as a candidate for Sheriff. Mr. Wiggins has always been a consistent man, and never identified with the bolters and boomheads who have made themselves so odious in the country for the past few years. He has stood by the party in the darkest hours of its history. Mr. Wiggins' name will be a tower of strength for the ticket, and will lead us to a glorious victory. His name heading the ticket makes it folly for the opposition to nominate a man to run against him.

A MARRIAGE PRICE-LIST.

A minister out West, who has been troubled a good deal over marriage fees, issued the following circular and price-list:

"One marriage, plain, $2. Ditto, kissing the bride, $3. Ditto, trimmed with one groomsman and one brides maid, $4; 50 cents extra for each additional groomsman or bridesmaid. Bachelors past 40 will be charged extra. Maids of same age 10 per cent. off. Mileage will be charged in long-distance matches. Liberal reduction to clubs. Payments in cash; no notes or securities accepted. No money refunded or rebates made for poor goods. Come early, and come often."

THERE can be no doubt there is true economy in a kindly, considerate treatment by man of the domestic and other animals. The motto of all who have any property in or care over them should unquestionably be, "Humanity is the best policy."

ROBUST IMAGINATIONS.

Some Very Able Stories Alleged to Have Been Told in Nevada.

[From the Carson City Appeal.]

When the lawyers in Judge Cary's court were waiting for the verdict in a petty larceny case, Attorney Soderberg related an incident of his early childhood in Wisconsin, illustrative of the peculiar customs in vogue in that State:

"I knew an old farmer there who owned ten acres of timber land where millions of pigeons came each year to roost. They devastated the wheat fields, and the old coon used to catch the birds in nets and thrash them out on the barn floor. Each bird had three ounces of wheat in his crop, and it was a bad year for 'Old Thompson' when he couldn't ship a thousand bushels of wheat to market at $2.00 a bushel, and it ranked A No. 1 when it reached the Chicago elevator. If there had been a few millions more of pigeons he would have come pretty near getting a corner on the Minnesota wheat crop."

"I know a planter down in Alabama," said Kittrell, "who was fully as sharp as that. He trained an alligator to work up and down the river and catch the little pickaninnies that played along the bank. The alligator would take the little kids in his jaws and swim back to the plantation. It was a dull day that he cyukin't corral three or four. The planter used them carefully, and when they got big he sold 'em in New Orleans at prices ranging from $3,000 to $10,000 apiece. He was rolling in wealth when Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was issued, and after that the alligator never did any more work. The man is now barely keeping soul and body together in Washington, clerking in one of the Government bureaus at $8,000 a year."

Judge Cary evidenced the greatest interest in these weird tales, and edged up to the group.

"These are curious yarns, gentlemen, but I believe them all. I had a dog once, back in Nebraska, that I kept to hard lumber."

"Beg pardon, Judge; did you say the dog herded lumber?"

"Yes, sir, cottonwood boards. We always kept a dog there to bring the lumber in at night."

Everybody now paid the closest attention, as they knew that the boss was at work.

"It was this way. Cottonwood boards warp like thunder in the sun. A board would begin to bump its head as early as 9 in the morning, and in half an hour it would turn over. By 11 it would warp the other way with the heat, and make another flop. Each time it turned it moved a couple of feet, always following the sun toward the west. The first summer I lived in Brownville over 10,000 feet of lumber skipped out to the hills the day before I had advertised a house raisin'. I went to the county seat to attend a lawsuit, and when I got back there wasn't a stick of timber left. It had strayed away into the uplands. An ordinary board would climb a two-mile hill during a hot week, and when it struck the timber it would keep warmin' in and out among the trees like a garter snake. Every farmer in the State had to keep shingled dogs to follow his lumber around the country, keep it together, and show where it was in the morning. We didn't need any flumes there for lumber. We sawed it east of the place we wanted to use it, and let it warp itself to its destination, with men and dogs to head it off at the right time; we never lost a stick. Well, here comes the jury," continued the Judge. "The witnesses lied, so I guess they will disagree."

THE EDITOR AND THE TRAMP.

Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, is well known as an original and witty journalist, and a political critic of great independence and many eccentricities; but it is not generally known that he is the humorist par excellence of the West. One day a fellow applied to Mr. Halstead for either work or a temporary loan of money. His application was declined, he undertook to enforce it by threatening suicide. He said he would walk out to the center of the Covington bridge, jump off, and drown himself.

"Well, now, that's a good thought," said Halstead. "I'd go right down and do that; it will relieve you and me of a great responsibility for your future support. Go right off and do it while you are in the notion."

The fellow struck out in the direction of the bridge. Presently Mr. Halstead rushed after him and called him to stop. The fellow suddenly thought he had won his point. "Stop! stop now! Don't do that," continued Mr. H. "It won't be safe; try some other plan. Come to think of it, the last two fellows who tried that were both got out alive."

NUMISMATIC.

The silver dollars came into circulation in 1794. None were coined from 1804 to 1836. The 1804 dollars are the rarest. All the dollars issued between 1830 and 1860 are considered very valuable, and those of 1851 and 1852 are worth $50 apiece. Only six of 1804 dollars were struck off. Mr. Adams paid $500 for the one in his possession. The 1836 dollar differs from those of other years, being stamped with large eagles surrounded by stars. There is no silver half-dollar of the year 1804 in circulation which does not bear a figure 5 stamped over the 4. There were three sets of what is known as the "Barber dollar," coined in 1871, and of these three Mr. Adams has one, for which he paid $100. This style of dollar differs considerably from the other dollar issued that year, the goddess on it being raised and facing the left, instead of the right, as she does on the others, and the emblem on the reverse side is quite unlike anything on the dollars now in circulation. This is one of the rarest of American coins, and is highly prized by its owner.

HIGH-PRICED BUTTER.

One of them was a stockman from Western Texas, named Bob Gazely, and the other was an old Galvestonian, named Col. William Griswold. They were talking about stock-raising. The man from Western Texas said, impressively:

"I tell you what, Colonel, there is more money in goats than any other critter that eats Texas grass. People will keep on raising fine horses and cattle, and lose money by it, while there is more money in one goat than you can shake a stick at," and he went on to tell of the rapid increase, the price of goatskins, etc.

"You are right," replied Griswold, "I am a goat man myself. I've got a goat in my yard right now I wouldn't part with for $75."

"He must be a fine animal. He is half Angora, I reckon. I must see him."

"Come along then."

After they had trudged about an hour they reached the residence of the Galvestonian. The goat was tied up in an outhouse. The Western Texas man looked at the goat with a bewildered air.

"There ain't no Angora in that goat."

"There is money in him for all that," responded the owner.

The stockman felt the animal all over, looked at the texture of his hair, and then said:

"I can't see any points that goat has got over any other goat. Did you say you paid $75 for that scrub?"

"That goat cost me $75, and I expect to get my money back."

"Well, you couldn't get it out of me."

"I am not trying to get it out of you, but I hope to get it out of the goat. But I'll tell you candidly, if you had chawed up my vest pocket with $75 in it, like that goat did, I'd have it out of you some way or other."

Then the stockman caught hold of his own vest, and bawled until a crowd began to gather.—*Galveston News.*

PAPER AND PAPER PULP FROM SALT HAY.

It has probably not been generally known among paper-makers, remarks the *Paper World*, that the grass ordinarily growing upon the low, marshy lands bordering upon salt water, and frequently overflowed by it, furnishes a most excellent material for paper. This grass grown in great plenty, and can be had for a comparatively low price, and contains nearly as much useful fiber to a ton as straw. It is very easily digested, and can be reduced in a very short time, two hours being quite sufficient. The brown pulp as discharged from the digester makes a very superior quality of hardware paper, and a trifling expense only is incurred in bringing the brown pulp up to a manila color, and even a fair quality of white paper may be produced from it. This stock when made into paper board produces an article of superior strength and rigidity, and one not liable to fracture in bending. The yield of useful pulp from a ton of hay is about 900 pounds, and the cost for caustic, we learn from the same authority, is very moderate.

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

Many an illness is caused simply by imagination, and those of us who go about our work with calmness and confidence are much more likely to escape disease than others who are filled with apprehension should infection come within 100 miles of them. In connection with this the Arabs tell the following story:

One day a traveler met the plague going into Cairo, and accosted it thus:

"For what purpose are you entering Cairo?"

"To kill 3,000 people?" rejoined the plague.

Some time after the same traveler met the plague on its return and said:

"But you killed 30,000?"

"Nay," answered the plague, "I killed but 3,000; the rest died of fright."

THREE THINGS.

Three things to do—think, live and act.

Three things to think of—life, death and eternity.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a contented spirit.

Three things to like—cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness.

The Chicago Ledger.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881.

A BOOK FREE.

Every subscriber to THE CHICAGO LEDGER, upon sending us $1.00 *for a new subscriber*, may select one of the books from the list printed below, and we will send it, postpaid, on receipt of money and name of the new subscriber, and the name and number of this book, indicated; and so on, one additional book for every additional new subscriber sent. There is no limit to this offer except that the sender's name must be on our list, and the name sent not on our list, at the time of sending.

This offer will remain open as long as this notice is printed in THE LEDGER.

CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

1. Is He Popular? A Novel. By Anthony Trollope.
3. A Beautiful Woman. A Romance. By Leon Lewis.
9. Hesson's Wooing. A Novel. By Mrs. Oried.
12. The Veiled Duke. A Novel. By Benjamin Disraeli.
19. Ashleigh Allison. A Novel. By M. E. E. Trollope. Illustrated.
26. The Mistletoe Bough. Edited by M. E. Braddon.
31. Illness Defiance. A Novel. By Mrs. R. S. Mackenzie.
33. The Fatal Days of Footspit. By Edward Bulwer.
34. Love Victor. A Novel. By Charlotte Braeme.
37. An Eye for an Eye. A Novel. By A. Trollope.
39. Man and Wife. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins.
39. A True Marriage. A Novel. By Emily Spender.
42. The Last of Her Race. A Novel. By Edna Lyall.
48. Confession. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson.
50. Quaker Cousins. A Novel. By Agnes Macdonell.
52. Under One Roof. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood.
56. Lady Lee's Widowhood. A Novel. By F. B. Hadley.
59. John Halifax, Gentleman. A Novel. By Miss Mulock.
60. Henry Esmond. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray.
67. Mr. Leslie of Underwood. A Novel. By Mary Patrick.
69. Dr. Cas. A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik.
71. The Count. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon.
77. Reuben Davidger. A Novel. By Charles Reade.
79. The Talisman. By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated.
80. The Bertrams. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope.
87. The Parson of Dumford. A Novel. By G. M. Fenn.
88. Hide and Seek. By James Payn.
94. Little Miss Primrose. A Novel. By Miss Thompson.
95. Rocca Christo. A Novel. By Justin McCarthy.
102. The Greatest Heiress in England. A Novel. By Mrs. Hubbard.
104. Friend and Lover. By Mrs. Duffus Hardy.
109. Barbara. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon.
113. A Wayward Woman. A Novel. By A. Griffith.
114. Two Women. A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik.
116. Forbidden Dead Sake. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay.
120. Clara Vaughan. A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore.
122. Mary Anerley. A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore.
130. Hypatia. A Novel. By Charles Kingsley.
139. Lo! A Representative. By Amelia B. Edwards.
141. Jerry and I, Am. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon.
146. Paid for the Wine. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson.
149. He That Will, not When He May. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant.
152. Dunbarton. A Novel. By the Earl of Desmond.
155. A Providential Search. A Novel. By Jeaves Mcgrath.
159. Better than Good. A Story for Girls. By Annie E. Ridley.
161. The Gilpa of Silver Bridges. A Novel. By E. Marlitt.
163. Miss Mackenzie. By Anthony Trollope.
164. The Outcasts. By Sarah Bernhardt.
167. The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot.
168. Sunrise. A Novel. By William Black.
169. A Deserving Heart. A Novel. By Annie Keary.
170. Owen the Sea with the Sailor. By Walter Besant and James Rice.
172. Tower Hunting Guild. By Lucy Randall Comfort.
175. No. 5 Shoot Road. By Mrs. Oliphant.
177. Rudolf Grey. By Julia Kavanagh.
180. Miss Letty's Experiences. By Miss Mulock.
181. Fine Feathers. By M. Betham Edwards.
189. Pictures from Italy. By Charles Dickens.
206. Pictures from Ireland. By Thomas McGrath.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Government of New South Wales has voted £40,000 to assist emigrants who are willing to pay half the amount of their passage money.

Mr. Macnay, poor thing, who, according to Mr. Vanderbilt, gets nothing out of his silver mines but board and clothes, has paid $720,000 for a roof to shelter him from the pitiless storm.

The wife of Secretary Windom is the daughter of a Congregational clergyman in Massachusetts. In her youth she was a teacher in Ohio, and she now teaches her own children.

A burglar of Cleveland has for a sum of money induced two men to allow him to amputate a little finger of each and transfer it to the hand of the other. He says thus far there is a good prospect that the transposed fingers will live.

West Virginia can scarcely continue to be ranked among the States with a distinctive negro population in the light of the present census. With a total population of 618,195, the State has but 25,760 negroes, or about one in every twenty-five.

A Mr. Mark Sperry, of Greenup, Ill., has sent to Secretary Lincoln a memento of the late Abraham Lincoln. It is a strip of oak from the bridge over the Embarras river, at Greenup, built in 1832. Abraham Lincoln was employed in the construction of the bridge.

Z. L. White's ten-years' residence in Washington leads him to state in the Providence *Press* that "a young man who will be content to sweep our streets until he can get better employment has twice as many chances of success in life as he who enters a Government department on a salary of $1,200 a year."

The girls in Durango, Col., have a piano. It had a hard time getting there, however. It was transported 200 miles across the mountains in a wagon drawn by mules. At one point it was tumbled down a precipice, smashing the box, but not injuring the instrument, which required tuning, however, at the end of the journey.

An expert tells the Minneapolis Minn.) *Tribune* that, when the mills now in process of erection in that city are finished and running, its daily capacity will be 24,525 barrels. Two of the leading firms have capacity for 6,500 barrels per day each, and 5 third firm has capacity for 4,000 barrels per day, being a total of 17,000 barrels per day for three firms.

Prof. Virchow, of Berlin, has lately dealt the vegetarians a blow. The advocates of a vegetable diet have generally maintained that animal food was not natural to man. This is denied on anatomical and biological grounds by Prof. Virchow, who shows, as the result of anatomical inquiries, that not only man, but such animals as the gorilla, nearly allied to him in the scale of being, are indisputably fitted to be omnivorous.

The tests for color-blindness which have been imposed upon all locomotive engineers and other railroad employes in Connecticut have proven a humbug, and the requiring them has been repealed. Certificates of ability were refused to experienced engineers, who had run fast trains for years without accident and had recognized all ordinary lights and signals, and yet failed on colored worsteds and other so-called scientific tests.

Genevieve Ward, the actress, demands separate sleeping-cars for women. "I think it is perfectly shocking," she says, "the way ladies and men are huddled together like animals in these sleeping-cars, with nothing but a curtain hanging between them. It shocks a modest woman frightfully to have to endure this ordeal. Here is the much-vaunted decency of the American people, that it does not rise against this infringement of propriety and respect?"

The men employed at Krupp's manufactory are working night and day in supplying orders for large guns from abroad. Roumania has ordered 100 cannon; Greece, 700; Sweden, 50; Holland, 120, and Italy, 400. In the presence of facts like these, it is a little difficult to perceive from which direction the millennium is approaching. It looks very much as if the blunt of war's great organ would shake the skies for a considerable time to come, unless, indeed, the planets are really engaged in the mean designs against the universe with which some people discredit them.

The new basket-lunch system on the Boston and Albany railroad grows in favor. Orders are taken by an agent on each train, and telegraphed forward to the station where the baskets are delivered. There are six bills of fare, and the uniform price is 40 cents. One bill, for example, comprises two turkey sandwiches, two slices of buttered bread, two boiled eggs, and some pickles. The baskets have neat compartments, and are furnished with plates, knives and forks, and napkins. Extras in the way of fruit, drinks, etc., can be ordered at reasonable prices.

When President Garfield was a representative in Congress, years back, he called on United States Treasurer Spinner one day, and said: "Gen. Spinner, do you know that in one of the lower rooms of this building there is at work [illegible] and he was sometimes woefully apt at college. He could beat me at my lessons, and is quick and honest." "What's his name?" said Gen. Spinner. "James Gilfillan," was the reply. Whereupon Treasurer Spinner sent for him, made arrangements to promote him, and advanced him rapidly. The same James Gilfillan is to-day Treasurer of the United States.

Emile Zola has contributed an article to the Paris *Figaro* on the Nihilists of Russia. He ridicules the idea that Russia will become a republic at an early date. Of the 70,000,000 inhabitants of the great empire, 60,000,000, he says, are peasants, intensely ignorant, and devotedly attached to the Czar, whom they call "Little Father." The revolutionists are confined to the towns, and are powerless to create a revolution. M. Zola thinks that if the Nihilists persevere in their work of assassination, the intensified peasantry may rise up in arms and create sad havoc in the centers of population.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that a great discovery has been made in the Mojave desert, which seems destined to revolutionize viniculture in Southern California. It has been found that grape-cuttings inserted in the trunks of the cactuses on the desert grow and thrive as vigorously as in cultivated land. This fact is of great importance to the people. By the use of a chisel a man can plant a large vineyard in a day, and the vine so planted will climb the cactus and grow luxuriously, without cultivation or irrigation. The dry, hot sands of the desert will afford a fine place for drying raisins. In addition to grapes, it has been proved that melons, cucumbers and tomatoes will grow from cactus stock, so that the desert may soon bloom as the rose.

Garfield's character, writes "Gath," has picked up in public curiosity considerably since he became President. The severe duties and responsibilities imposed upon him, together with the criticisms upon his mild nature during the campaign, have apparently brought him into the Presidency with the loss of most of his boyish manners. He no longer slaps people on the back, or puts his arms around them and pulls them toward him; and such is human nature that they regard him as a greater man in consequence. Thackeray describes "Old Col. Newcome," after his son grew up, hearing loud laughter in his son's room, and going up to have some of it; but as soon as he enters the boys all shut up and look grave. This is the penalty of being President. The smile of verdant years has passed from the Magistrate, and he is alone in cold supremacy of power.

HER SYSTEM.

There lived, in days not very long gone by—
I could not tell you where, if I should try—
A lady, who was worthy, kind and good,
And all domestic arts well understood;
Her cooking, always tempting to the taste,
She took great pride in doing, free from waste;
She'd set a dinner fit for any King,
From ham and eggs, to some such simple thing!
She had a way, peculiarly her own,
Of always doing well whate'er she done;
She took great pride in always being neat,
As well as spreading toothsome viands to eat.
Her favorite hobby, all through life, had been
To keep her house as shining as a pin.
"A very model," she at length was termed,
And all her ways were patterned, taught and learned—

"A place for everything," she'd say with grace,
"And everything exactly in its place."

But all in vain her systematic plan,
Since she was wedded to a careless man;
He'd toil his wife, with friendly smiling face,
That he for everything had special place,
The only trouble being, that he forgot
And ne'er again could recollect the spot.
He'd scatter helter-skelter, here and there,
And how he'd trace a pipe anywhere,

At length she hit upon a happy plan
By which she thought to cure a careless man;
She kept a bag of most capacious size,
Hung in a certain spot, for all to see,
And in it dropped his little odds and ends,
As he would lose them in the careless winds,
And thought, herein, at some convenient time,
She'd empty out, and shame him of his crime.
But he, more cunning than she'd ever thought,
Had watched the woman's plan, and he found out
Where she, as stealthily as any cat,
Had carried off and hidden this or that.
"Ah, ha!" said he, "Directions suits me well;
I'll not be bothered any more to tell
Where anything may be I chance to quest,
For here I find my lady's hidden nest!"
And any article he chanced to lack,
He'd go and gobble it from out the sack.
The upshot of her system, we are told,
Was, being left with just the bag to hold.

SAL LAYTON'S APPLE-CUT.

"They don't have apple-cuts nowdays, like they did twenty years or so ago," said the Sheriff, as he peeled a big greening with his jack-knife and threw the peeling on the stove.

"Apple-cuts," said Uncle Ira. "They don't have apple-cuts nor anything else sensible these days. If the young fellows that runs things now can only cook a fur cap out their heads and get a mix of plaid clothes, they're happy, and don't care for such things as apple-cuts. Unless it's the juice of the apple," continued Uncle Ira, after a pause. "And that cuts some of 'em up pretty bad, offener than's good for 'em."

"We was hev fifty good times to them apple-cuts, Sheriff," said the Old Squire. "Dance all night, sure, and half the next day if the fiddler held out."

"I guess I never told you about Sal Layton's apple-cut, did I?" asked the Sheriff, dropping the core of his apple in the sloppy dog Cæsar's ear.

"Humph!" grunted Uncle Ira. "Heard you tell it more'n a hundred times, and you've told it so much that I'm blamed if I don't think you believe it yourself."

"That story's a cast-iron fact," said the Sheriff, "and too good to be lost. I'll tell it again.

"If there wasn't snap in the boys of twenty-five years ago, this court don't know itself," the Sheriff went on. "We never calculated to get left when there was any fun going on, and if we did you can make up your mind that on that day the thermometer was very low. We were always ready for a fight or a dance or a singing-school, and come out particular strong on protracted meetings. There was a dance about every night from the time cold weather set in until the canal opened in the spring and we used to make the Pike county woods just howl. There was a family named Layton lived up in the hills back of Lockwaxk. The old man had raised a piece of ground out from under the stones that protected the soil in that garden spot of the township, and stuck a shanty in one corner of it. The house was founded on a rock. That rock, I believe as much as can be, had an ora pro nobis in China. Owing to this rock, Layton had to build his cellar about forty rods away, by scooping a hole in a side hill and putting a door of hemlock slabs to it.

"Sal Layton was a nice girl. She was the old man's only daughter, and could cook a flapjack or butcher a pig with skill and grace. Sal had a big gawk of a fellow by the name of Rube Calkins. He was terribly mussy—one of these lick-my-weight-in-wildcats sort of fellows who always want to clean out bar-rooms whenever they get outside of three drinks of corn-cob whisky. I had a side partner named Reeves—Sid Reeves. He was a team. He never walked his shoes off to get where there was a fight, but if he thought one would be likely to come his way he'd wait all day for it.

"There was a ball at the Narrows one night. Sal was there with Rube, and Sid and I had our girls. Rube primed himself with the best the bar afforded, and, as usual, swore he would never be happy until he had 'cleaned out' every man in the bar-room. Well, the upshot of it was that Sid had to drop him out of the window. This made a little hard feeling between Rube and Sid, and when Sal made up her mind to give an apple-cut, a few weeks afterward, Sid didn't get any invite, and neither did I.

"Sal had been dying to give an apple-cut for a long time, but the trouble was, the only orchard on the old man's place was a wild gooseberry bush, and there were no apples in the old man's cellar. He raised some potatoes and a little buckwheat and managed to fatten a pig every fall, but how they could give an apple-cut on such products of the soil was something that neither Sal nor the old folks could wrestle with and get the upper holt. But one lucky day Sal's dad was over to the Falls, and who should be there but some Jerseyman who had a bag of apples that he was willing to trade off for buckwheat. If Bobby Layton didn't freeze to that bag, then's snapping turtle won't snap. He took it home and put it in his side-hill cellar, and the invitations were given for the apple-cut. As I remarked, Sid and myself got the grand go-by. But we kept mum.

"About three miles from Sal's there ved a couple of girls that Sid and I used to go and see once in a while. About a week before Sal's dad got the apples these girls had a quilting bee, and didn't invite Sal. So Sal got back at them by slighting them in the apple-cut. Sid and I met up to see the girls one night, and we made it up to have a little apple-cut of our own. Their old man didn't have any apples, either. Apples were scarcer that winter than scales on a catfish, anyhow. So we fellows agreed to skirmish around and get the fruit for our rival festivity. We concluded to have our party on the same night that Sal had hers, and, the night before the apple-cut, Sid and I hitched up to a sled and took a ride. We didn't have much trouble in getting all the apples we wanted, and we had a roaring old time at our apple-cut.

"The next day I met one of the fellows that had been to Sal's party.

"'Well,' says I, 'how'd you enjoy yourselves last night?'

"'We busted up in a fight,' he says.

"'Fight? I says. 'How's that?'

"'Well,' says he, 'after we all got 'to Sal's and had sat there a spell, talkin' an' laughin', Sal says to the old man:

"'"Pap," says she, "I guess ye better go an' fetch in the apples an' we'll git to business. Oh, wait till ye see them pippins," says she. "They're good 'uns, an' they's plenty on 'em," says she.

"'Bobby goes out an' fetches in the bag. Sal had got a big tub an' not it in the middle o' the floor to put the apples in. Bobby come a luggin' the bag in on his shoulder, an' we all piled around the tub to see the pippins. The old man untied the bag an' dumped her. May I hope to die o' Bobby didn't dump that tub full o' turnips! Two bushels o' thunderin' big flat turnips, an' not the sight of a pippin!

"'Sal turned to her dad on the road and laughed,' said the Sheriff.

"'Turnips,' I says, after a spell. 'Not turnips?'

"'Y-e-s-s, turnips!' snorted the fellow. 'An that wa'n't the fun o' the thing. You know Stub Wagner was there, an' it's only a month ago that he was ketched comin' out o' Docker's pasture with one o' Docker's sheep. Well, when the turnips was tumbled in the tub, Sal looked at her old man, an' the old man looked at Sal. If an earthquake had a fell in that place they couldn't a looked scarcter. Nobody said a word for about a minute. Then Bobby woke up.

"'I kin lick the hide out'n any sheep thief as has gone an' busted this apple-cut!' he hollered.

"The old man didn't have no more reference to Stub Wagner than he did to the man in the moon, but Stub peeled himself an' howled:

"'I wouldn't let my own father call me a sheep thief!' he yelled. "An' my bushwhacker as tries to put turnips off on me for pippins kin do it an' not fight!'

"He swep' the old man around that kitchen like a house-fire before we could git him loose. Rube Calkins chucked Stub out through a winder, and I got out o' the back door an' clum on the fence. In less'n two minutes the party was dlin' out o' that shanty an' makin' fur hum. Sal's apple-cuts were busted, an' I'll be ever find out who done it I'll make 'em sweat!'

"Well, sir," said the Sheriff, "do you know that Sal always kind o' thought that Sid and I played that on her? But nobody ever found out who did take the apples, and I believe my mother is wondering to this day who in the world ever carried off that bag of nice white turnips she had out in the woodshed."

HOW TO MAKE A DIARY INTERESTING.

Don't try to record all your thoughts and impressions, or memorize. Just *try* to note down the leading events in the day's personal experience, with as little moralizing as possible, and diary keeping becomes interesting. One likes to turn over the record of the month or the year, and is surprised to find out how many forgotten pleasant occasions are brought to mind again. Try this, keep a diary, but don't try to keep a journal—something that might be issued as your "memoirs" in a posthumous publication. If you attempt anything of this sort, ten to one you will not get to the end of the month. It will bore you completely.

If nature puts a wart on a man's nose it is placed where she wants it, and not where it will help hold his spectacles.

THE REPORTER.

Some of His Peculiarities.

This is a reporter. You will notice how finely he is dressed. He wears his best clothes every day, because he doesn't know what Sunday is. Reporters have an easy life. They seldom go to work before 10 o'clock in the morning, and are often through with their labors at 12 at night. There are many kinds of reporters. The society reporter goes to parties and weddings. He takes down the names of the people who have been invited, whether they are there or not, and prints them in the paper the next day. Once a man started for a party, but got too full for utterance before reaching there, and was locked up. The society reporter said he was at the party, all the same, but the police reporter said he was fined $8 for being drunk. So the man got his name in the paper twice, but he cut out one of the items for fear his wife might see them both and think the press was making too much of him. Men are not often so modest. The sporting reporter goes to horse-races, and base-ball games, and rock-fights. It is wicked to go to horse-races if you bet on the wrong horse. Once there was a croquet tournament in a large city, and the editor of a paper knew that somebody must write it up. So he spoke to the sporting reporter and told him he'd got to do with those dizzy croquet players?" said the sporting reporter. "That's a society event." "I guess you are right," replied the editor; "so you can go up in the country about two miles north of where the street-cars run and see if it looks as if it would have an early spring, and then this evening there are four Land-Leagues meetings for you to look after." So the sporting reporter had a little something to do, after all, and clubbed himself quite heartily. A man need not have a classical education in order to be a good reporter, but he must be able to hustle around some and bump himself when there is a big fire or a murder. Reporters can get nearer to a fire than anybody except the firemen, and the now ones do it. But the reporter has all the business know better. They stand on the corner until the fire is out, and then they get a hack and go to the house of the man who owns the building, and ask him how much the old shell was worth, and if he thinks the insurance companies will have him arrested for setting it on fire. This is when the man acts mean and does not open the door for them, because he has just got out of bed and declines to answer questions. But if he acts square, you bet the boys treat him right, and in the next issue of the paper he is termed "the estimable citizen, Mr. ——." Reporters seldom die early. They are too tough. Perhaps some other day I may tell you more about the reporters. Many of them are married men and live happily with their wives, because they never see them except when they come home to go to bed. A drowsy man cannot quarrel much.

You have learned already what easy times reporters have; but often those who have the best chances in this world do not seem to appreciate this fact, and sometimes a reporter gets this way and thinks his salary ought to be raised. So he speaks to the editor about it. Editors are very liberal men. Many of them do not think any more of a dollar than some men do of their lives, but they know that if the reporters were paid more money they would save their money and buy the paper, and then the editors would be like the Chinese—they would have to go. So in self-protection they are obliged to keep the salaries of the reporters at $5,000 or $6,000 a year. They hate to do this, but self-preservation is the first law of editors as well as of nature. Many editors preserve themselves so well that the reporters never buy them out. So you see that the fairies are kind to those who do good. Some good stories are told about reporters. Once a young man, who had graduated at Harvard College, and was a splendid scholar in base-ball and rowing, came to a large Western city and hired out to be a reporter. The next day the editor sent him to an inquest. He came back to the office at night with enough manuscript to make a book. The editor gave this to an experienced reporter and said: "Cut this down to a stickful." After a while he went over to where the experienced reporter was sitting and said: "How did that new duck manage with the inquest?" "Oh," said the experienced reporter, "he got everything—except the verdict." And then the other reporters that were sitting around laughed heartily, but the editor only let drop a few words of tropical warmth and discharged the new reporter, who was very much surprised to see that the paper continued to come out regularly after he had left it to its fate. New reporters always tell everybody that they are "journalists," but the old ones call them deck-hands. New reporters always think they know everything, and in some cases it is customary to put a dish of salt on a new reporter's desk. This is a delicate way of telling him he is too fresh. Reporters never like to hurt anybody's feelings. Once an editor in Cincinnati hired a reporter in Chicago to do some work for his paper. After a while the reporter forgot to send anything about an important matter, which made the editor very angry. So he sent a dispatch to the reporter saying: "You are discharged. Why did you get left on that murder? Answer." When the reporter read this he laughed to himself and said: "I wonder if that old plum thinks he can get the best of me?" So he wrote the longest kind of an answer, explaining all about the matter, and closed by saying he was glad he had been discharged, because he disliked to be connected with a paper that allowed itself to get scooped. It took 1,700 words to say this, and, as it was sent by telegraph, the Cincinnati editor had a pretty big bill to pay. But it taught him never to ask for explanations by telegraph again, and that Chicago reporters were pretty liable to keep up with the procession.

POLITICS AT THE BENCH.

"The greatest charm of inauguration should be its pointed simplicity," said the carpenter as he started a mortise.

"True," said the apprentice, sawing into a log, "and points is the best yet."

"You rip-saw the dangers of republican simplicity on the minds of the people," remarked the journeyman, "and so the effete monarchies framed their coronations with imposing ceremonies."

"A good deal of it," asented the boss carpenter, "and points is the best yet, or at least it is knot a first clear, why the same formalities should be dried in our Government."

"See, son?" the journeyman asked the apprentice.

And the apprentice said, "Oh, yes, he see."

"You must, wat chisel lustrations very sharply," said the journeyman, "or you can't at hatchets proper meaning to each one."

"It saws myscrewtiny very keenly, indeed," said the apprentice, "to follow the thread of his keel marks."

"Your mind wanders," said the boss, "the rolling grindstone catches no worms."

"All work-bench and no play," said the apprentice apologetically, "makes Jackplane a dull boy."

"But," spoke the journeyman, "Jackplane is always a playin'."

"Not when its eye dull," persisted the snprentice, sawing half way through an old hinge.

"I advise you to brace up a bit," said the carpenter, "and when I say that, remember that a wink is as good as a kick to a blind saw horse."

"Somethin' nails me to-day," the apprentice said, as he pounded his thumb with a lathing hatchet, and he turned some more instructions on the hatchet and the man who made it.

"I'd hold you so," said the journeyman, consolingly, as he showed the apprentice how to grasp the hatchet, "and I'd hammer this way," and he showed him how strike.

But the apprentice said the last part of the lesson was entirely unnecessary.

Thus do our laboring classes improve the current political events to their intellectual edification and mutual improvement.—*Burdette.*

ANTICIPATIONS.

Life is going fast; each day we are more surely leaving youth behind us. Yet men spend their lives in anticipations, or determining to be vastly happy at some period when they have time. The present has the advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future ones are not yet come. We may lay in a stock of pleasures as we would a stock of luxuries, but if we defer the tasting of them too long we shall find that both are soured by age. Let us enjoy to-day, for to-morrow may never dawn.

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY FOR MAY, 1881.

The May number of the *Domestic Monthly* runs over with interesting information concerning the new styles of dress for spring and summer, and in addition to hints on wraps of every possible kind gives many novel suggestions appropriate to summer weddings. The reign of cotton is dwelt upon, and toilettes made of this material, now extremely fashionable, are fully described. The new Spanish and black satin costumes are also mentioned in this number, while the best modes of making plain dresses are not overlooked in the press of more showy fashions. There are many illustrations and descriptions in the children's department of the *Monthly* for May, and the article on designs for dresses is accompanied by hints on the combinations of colors, the use of trimmings, and a special mention of the materials now popular for children. Girls' hats and bonnets and their outdoor garments form separate topics this month, and here, as elsewhere, the suggestions given are practical. Parasols and fans, gloves and hosiery, millinery, trimmings and ornaments have each a place in the magazine's list of the latest styles. Parasols and fans, gloves and hosiery, millinery, trimmings and ornaments have each a place in the magazine's list of the latest styles. The reign of cotton is dwelt upon, and toilettes made of this material, now extremely fashionable, are fully described. The new Spanish and black satin costumes are also mentioned in this number, while the best modes of making plain dresses are not overlooked in the press of more showy fashions. There are many illustrations and descriptions in the children's department of the *Monthly* for May, and the article on designs for dresses is accompanied by hints on the combinations of colors, the use of trimmings, and a special mention of the materials now popular for children. Girls' hats and bonnets and their outdoor garments form separate topics this month, and here, as elsewhere, the suggestions given are practical. Parasols and fans, gloves and hosiery, millinery, trimmings and ornaments have each a place in the magazine's list of the latest styles.

The London letter will be found especially entertaining this month, describing, as it does, some of the latest fashionable "agonies" in the great English metropolis. The serial story of L. Bulwer Lytton is more interesting in its second part, and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's counsel to housekeepers touches upon the high responsibilities arising in the experience of every wife and mother. The editorial departments embrace comment and criticism on current events, book reviews and literary intelligence generally.

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THE DEAD MOON.

The moon is in a state of decrepitude, a dead world.—*Professor Proctor.*

The moon is dead—defunct—played out—
So says a very learned philosopher,
She looketh well, beyond a doubt,
Perhaps she's in a trance, dear Proctor.

At any rate, she's most entrancing
For one of such decrepit age;
And on her radiant bosom pleading,
She charms the eyes of youth and sage.

And as the man upon her's perished!
He lived in doleful isolation!
Poor wretch! No wife his bosom cherished,
No children squalled his consolation.

Yet she's adored by all the Gypsies,
Whose lovers sigh beneath her beams,
She aids the steps of staggering topers,
And silvers o'er romantic streams.

And once she caught Endymion sleeping,
And she stooped to kiss him in a grove,
Upon him very slyly creeping;
He was her first and only love.

But that's a very ancient story,
And was a youthful indiscretion,
When she was in her dotage glory,
Ere scandal schools had held a session.

Dear, darling moon! I date upon her,
I write her nightly in the sky;
But oh! upon my word of honor,
I'd rather she were dead than I.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

I have this story from a friend who was dear to me. He related it to me one day as we were talking on his favorite life; more astonishing and more romantic a hundred times, than the inventions of fiction. He had seen this little drama develop itself; he still knew the actors in it. "I will present you," he said to me, "and we will go together to Mezieres, where we will find one of the heroes of this narrative still living. The romances have not yet been written; the most marvelous have still to be published. And who knows how many romances each one of us takes away with him profoundly buried in the secrecy of his conscience, painfully smothered under the tombstone?" Eugene Decamp did not know how true his words were, and the story of Jean Chevancheux was the last that he told me. It is he who will tell you the story.

My father used to live at Rethel, in the high street, in a house I can still see before my eyes with its slate roof and projecting beams, a hospitable house if ever there was one. Four folks new the way to it. They entered with their wallet empty and went away with it full. We were all seated one night at the fireside; my father was smoking his pipe and watching the fire burn, my mother was ironing, and I was reading, when we heard a noise at the door, and saw enter a boy with frightened looks.

"What is the matter?"

"It is a soldier very tired who has just fallen exhausted before the door."

My father loved soldiers. He rose brusquely, ran out, and there he was, before I had taken a step, coming in again with a young soldier leaning upon him, or, rather, my father had taken him up and was carrying him like a sack of corn.

My mother hastened to draw the big arm-chair up to the fire, and my father was made to sit, or rather recline in it, and my father said, looking at the poor fellow:

"Is it possible! Walking in that state?"

The fact is that the soldier was very thin and pale, his hair flattened on his forehead, the veins of his temples big as your little finger, his face black with dust. We were then in the month of October, and the weather was beginning to grow fresh, but the poor fellow was nevertheless sweating as much as if it had been dog days. He must have had a long tramp. His shoes were in shreds; you could see where his feet had worn the leather; the left foot was bleeding. The soldier did not move, but remained in the arm-chair with his head thrown back, his eyes half open and white as a sheet.

My mother had already put some soup on the fire and a panful of wine.

"Bah," said my father, "the first thing to be looked after is the feet."

And, kneeling down, he began to tear and cut away the shreds of leather. The soldier's feet, all swollen, and full of blisters, looked like the feet of the martyrs, swollen with pain and weakened by hard cords, which we see in the pictures of the Spanish Inquisition.

My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar and washed the wounds.

"You," he said to me, "make some lint."

And I began to tear up some old linen that my mother had taken out of the big cupboard.

Meanwhile the soldier had come to himself. He looked at us, at my father, my mother, and myself, and said two or three neighbors who had come in, one after the other. His wandering eyes seemed to interrogate. Little by little it was no longer the road, the stones, the great deserted woods that he saw before him, but a gay room, with a ceiling of shining oak, a cloth on the table, knife and fork laid, and a brown earthenware soup-bowl emitting a savory smell of cabbage soup.

Then he raised himself up, leaning on the arms of the chair, and said to my father, with confused emotion:

"Ah! Monsieur. But you do not know me."

"Ah! well, that does not matter; we will become acquainted at the table."

We had already dined, but my father wished to keep the soldier company. He sat down to table opposite him, as it were brooding over him, and looking at the regimental buttons that shone on his cloak. The soldier ate, and ate heartily; my mother served him. My father took charge of the wine, and the glasses did not long remain empty.

"Well," said my father, suddenly, pointing to the tin box that the soldier carried slung on a cord, "you have finished your time, for there is your congé. Then why do you kill yourself by tolling along the highway? I see how the matter stands. You have no money to pay for the diligence?"

"I?" replied the soldier. "I have received my pay and my bounty, and my mother has sent me enough to pay for a place in the coupe, if I had liked. But I could not."

"I understand," said my father, who did not understand it all. Then he asked for another bottle of wine.

When the meal was over the soldier tried to walk. He tottered, uttered a smothered cry, and fell back into the chair. I then saw a tear in his eye. He was a young man, rather thin, but nervous, dark and with an energetic look. He was not a man to shed a tear for a little, and that tear puzzled me.

"Ah," he said with a movement in which there was a little anger and a good deal of grief; "I shall not be able to walk until to-morrow morning.

"Walk!" cried my mother, terrified. The soldier shook his head.

"You don't know, you, I must."

It was a vow.

In our Ardennes those primitive souls have respect and faith. I saw my father look at the young man in the face without astonishment, and with mute interrogation.

"Yes," said the soldier, "I will tell you the whole story. On leaving, perhaps, you will advise me."

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"Yes," said the soldier, "I will tell you the whole story. On leaving, perhaps, you will advise me."

"So much the better," said Paviour. "What luck!" said I.

"When we had served our seven years —for I do not mean to tell you our history day by day—I said to Paviour:

"Well, now is the time to start, eh?

"Yes," he replied, "we are expected."

"You know," I said, "the game will not be finally won until both of us arrive at Mezieres, and until the loser has declared that the combat has been loyal."

"And so one morning, with good shoes on our feet and stick in hand we set out for Mezieres from Angers, where we were in garrison. At first we walked along in company, not saying much, thinking a good deal, and walking above every thing. The weather was terribly hot and dusty. Half way on one of our marches I sat down on the roadside overwhelmed with fatigue.

"Are you going to stay there?" said Paviour to me.

"Yes."

"Adieu! he said continuing his march.

"*Au revoir!*"

"I watched him as he went on with a firm step and a head that I just started. When I saw him disappear at a bend of the road, and when I was once alone, as I had wished and desired, I felt a great despair. I made an effort. I rose and began to walk again. That little habit had done me good. I walked, walked and walked until I had caught up with Paviour and passed him.

"At night, too, I was well shod, but I was worn out. I entered an inn to sleep a little. I slept all night. In the morning I woke up. I saw that the day was getting on; I was furious and called some one.

"You have not seen a soldier pass on foot?"

"Yes, *monsieur le militaire*, very late last night. He asked for a glass of water."

"Ah! I was outstripped in my turn. I started hurriedly. At three o'clock in the afternoon I had not caught up Paviour, nor at six o'clock either. At night I took my rest while I ate, and started to walk again. I walked a good part of the night, but my strength had limits. Once more I stopped. I knocked at an inn. The door opened, and there sitting in a chair I saw Paviour, pale as death. He make a movement of displeasure when he saw me that was not like him. We did not talk much. What could we say? We were both tired. The great thing was to know who should get up first for the next morning. It was I.

"The next morning was this morning. Since this morning I have been walking, taking a rest now and then, but only very short one. We are getting close. Rethel is the last stage between Angers and Mezieres. I know my route of France now. The last stage! Great heavens, if I arrived too late!"

"And Pierre Paviour," asked my father, "has he caught you up?"

"No," replied Chevancheux, "I am ahead. If I could start now, I should be sa—"

"Start? In this state? Impossible!"

"I know—my feet are swollen and cut—and provided that to-morrow—"

"To-morrow you will be rested—you will be able to walk."

"Do you think so?" said the soldier, with a look ardent as lightning.

"I promise you."

My father then advised the soldier to go to bed. Chevancheux did not refuse. The bed was ready. He shook hands with us and went up to his room. It was ten o'clock.

"I will wake you at five o'clock," said my father.

It was not yet daylight on the following morning when my father, always up, looked out of the window to see how the weather was. While he was at the window he heard some heavy footsteps on the road below, and in the obscure light which precedes daybreak he perceived a soldier who was walking in the direction of Mezieres.

"Up already?" said my father.

The soldier stopped.

"Well," continued my father, "are you off?"

The soldier looked up and tried to make out who was speaking to him.

"You are Jean Chevancheux, are you not?" asked my father.

"No," said the soldier; "I am Pierre Paviour."

And as if that name of Chevancheux had been the prick of a spur, he resumed his walk more rapidly, and was soon lost in the obscurity. When my father could no longer see him he could hear the noise of his shoes on the road leading to Mezieres.

"Ah!" said my father to himself, "Chevancheux must be sharp if he means to catch up that man." And he went straight to the room where Jean had slept. He was already up and looking at his feet by the light of a candle.

"Victory!" he cried, when he saw my father; "I feel fresh and strong, and I suffer no more. *En route!*"

"And quickly," replied my father, "Pierre has just passed through Rethel."

"Pierre Paviour?"

"Pierre Paviour just spoken to him. He passed under our window going along as if the devil were after him."

"Ah, the Devil!" exclaimed Chevancheux, as if he had been struck down. He repeated once more: "Ah! mon Dieu!" Then he buckled on his knapsack, and cried: "After all, what you have told me gives me courage. Let me be off."

In the room below, my mother, already up, was filling a wallet with provisions for Chevancheux. But he refused. He left with a flask of brandy, and putting on a pair of my father's shoes he started, blessing my mother and leaning on my father's arm to take the first step.

Three or four years after this we had heard no news of Chevancheux. We used often to talk of that evening when the soldier had come into our house bleeding and weary. What had become of him? What had been the end of that romance of love so strangely begun?

One day my father had to go to Mezieres on business. He took me with him. At Mezieres he wished to order the first barber's shop that he saw to get shaved. On the door-step a little child was sitting with its legs apart, and smiling at the street.

"Will you allow me to pass?" asked my father, laughing.

"No, I won't," replied the child with a little lisp.

At that moment the door opened, and a man in his shirt-sleeves appeared—the father—and took the child up in his arms, saying:

"Pierre! Pierre! do you want to drive away the customers?"

I recognized the voice, and so did my father. We looked at the barber. The barber looked at us. It was Jean Chevancheux!

He laid the child down at once and held out both hands. His face was all red and beaming with pleasure.

"What, is it you? Ah! and to think that I have never written to you. Ah! you good—you—. It is I who married her; I arrived first.

And rushing into the back shop: "Marianne! Marguerite!" he cried, "Come, come!"

He was wild with joy. A young woman appeared, blonde, pretty, blue-eyed, with a pensive and gentle air, a little sad.

"You do not know?" said Chevancheux to her. "It was this gentleman who took care of me so well at Rethel the night before I arrived at your father's house. * * I have often and often talked to you about him. * * This is the gentleman."

Marguerite held her large, calm eyes upon, saluted us and thanked us acting them, as her husband continued to exclaim. He looked at his wife, reproached with a look that supplicated and was not without reproach. But Jean saw nothing.

"Ah! it is to you that I owe all my happiness, monsieur! My child, my little boy, and him, my little Pierre. It was my wife who wished that he should have that name. Is not he a funny, and a rough? Look at him! He is going on first-rate. My wife! I adore her! And all this I owe to you!"

"And the other!" asked I, imprudently.

"The other?" said Chevancheux.

He curled his lower lip, did not seem that Marguerite turned her head away, and answered:

"Poor Paviour? Poor fellow, he arrived when I was very nearly sending—I made me cry, I can tell you—he threw himself into the river."

Curious Calculations.

If we suppose the distance between the earth and the sun (about ninety-two and one-third millions of miles) to be reduced to a hundred or one, that is, if one of the two globes to be reduced in the same proportion, the distance from the sun to the nearest fixed star would still be, on the same scale, about 9,000 miles, and to the more distant ones it would be not less than 20,000 miles.

From those more distant stars the light must travel for sixty centuries before it reaches our earth. If light could go round the earth more than seven times in a single second of time. If the sun could be reduced, in its diameter, to 1-100 of an inch in diameter, the earth would then be of microscopic size, about 1-10,000 of an inch, but the distance between it and the nearest star would not be less than three miles. If the sun were a globe three inches and the earth were placed at its center, with the moon revolving around it in its established orbit, there would still be a distance of 200,000 miles from the lunar orbit to the surface of the solar sphere.

If these relations of size and distance are inconceivable, the forces which compel the planets to move in their elliptical orbits are quite as much beyond our comprehension. A tier of steel three inches square will sustain a weight of 540 tons, but a bar having a section of 144 square inches will sustain 6,640 tons, which upon a railroad would require 864 cars to support it and twenty-five weighed cars to move it. To deflect the moon from a straight course into its present orbit, or, what is the same thing, to keep it from falling to the earth, of course, would require the united strength of not less than eight steel bars, each 100 miles square, or, more accurately, a single bar whose section is 87,500 square miles—more than a large enough to cover the whole of New York and Ohio together. If this force were represented by a web of steel wires, each one-quarter of an inch in diameter, stretched from the earth to the moon, they would be distributed over our earth on the moon side only six inches apart, and if a similar web were stretched from the earth to the sun the force exerted between these two bodies would require that the whole of one side of the earth as close together as blades of grass upon a lawn.—*Prof. C. B. Waring.*

The Coffee-Planter's Life.

The coffee-planter lives a free and jolly life, as planters do almost always. Perhaps it may be a little monotonous, as his territory is small and his things about him are always the same. It is all coffee—coffee up to his verandas, coffee down to the barbacoes, coffee in every twist of the hills, coffee in every hazy valley. The planter seizes on probably one of the most lovely spots on the earth for his operations; but he does not improve the aspect of it. The shrub itself is pretty enough at all times, but it is not followed by bear luxuriantly, and the dry red earth is always visible through it. The land must not bear a weed nor a blade of grass, that is thought worthy of producing coffee. Looking down from a height, the stranger will at first think a plantation fair enough to the eyes, but when he is among the sunny paths with the soil itself close to his eyes—the red-hot soil—he will hardly long be fascinated with the look of the place. The bungalow stands probably in the middle of the plantation, and here the master is informed, a few minutes after 6 in the morning, how many hands have been mustered to the work for that day. At 4 the labors of the day are over; but it is by no means checked that the Tamil laborer works throughout the day without rest or food. What he wants in the morning has taken before 6, and then wants nothing till he goes home at 4 to cook his rice and curry. These men live in little villages on the plantations, which are called coolie lines; and at no great distance, on the nearest high road, there is always a coolie bazar, in which the Tamil laborers make their purchases. A coffee planter, I think, should be married. I do not understand how otherwise he is to get through with his evenings. That theory of working all day and reading the history of England or other improving books, with a teapot before one, till bedtime, has never held water yet.

Extraordinary Banquets.

Diodorus Siculus relates that an Agrigentine, on the marriage of his daughter, feasted upward of 20,000 persons. The emperor, the Emperor Vitellius once treated him with 2,000 fishes and 7,000 birds; all "scarce and exotic."

Heliogabalus, who was the first Roman that ever clad himself in silk, never ate but what he realized near the sea; never any fowls, or meat, but what came from a great distance.

His horses he fed with grapes; his lions and leopards with partridges, quails, pheasants and woodcocks; and his dogs with the livers of ducks, geese and turkeys, which he ate for his daily food the heads of parrots and peacocks, the combs of cocks, and the brains of thrushes and nightingales.

To these banquets he would frequently invite eight old men, blind of one eye; eight old maids; eight dwarfs; eight lame with the gout; eight black; eight exceedingly thin; and eight so fat that they could scarcely enter the room; and who, when they had eaten as much as they desired, were obliged to be taken out of the apartment on the shoulders of several soldiers.

At the installation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Edward IV., the learned Reverend Primate gave a feast, in which were consumed 104 oxen, 304 calves, 306 swine, 1,000 sheep and 2,000 geese; 104 peacocks, 400 swans, 1,000 capons, 2,000 geese, 5,500 venison pasties and 5,000 custards. There was also consumed 300 quarters of wheat, 300 tuns of ale, and 100 tons of wine.

In the time of William of Rosenburg, the annual revenue of a small state was frequently expended at a marriage. This nobleman, being one of the richest of Bohemia, married Mary, Margravine of Baden.

At this marriage were drank 40 tuns of Spanish wine, 1,000 setiers of Austrian, Rhenian and Tyrolian wine; beside vast quantities of liquors.

The festivities began on the 26th day of January, 1578, and closed on the 1st of May; during which time there were consumed 150 oxen, 504 sheep, 540 calves and 1,000 hogs; 30 bucks and 240 pheasants, 2,050 partridges, and not less than 2,130 hares.

Besides these, a distinction between other game and 40 stags. Of poultry, reduced to a certain number, 1,200 turkeys, 3,155 geese, garnished and attended with 30,997 eggs. The quantity of fish consumed was equally surprising, as proof of these, 2,000 eels, 275 barbeyres, 6,080 trout, 1,820 carp and 10,209 pike, beside 350 tuns of stock-fish, 2,600 tuns of beer, 7,096 dried fish of different descriptions.

At a dinner, given by Henry of Winchester, at which was present his sister-in-law, Cincia, with Prince Richard, celebrated at Westminster, Nov. 23, 1243, were consumed 400 oxen, 18,000 dishes. In the reign of Edward IV., the Earl of Warwick's brother entertained a large portion of the nobility and clergy upon being installed Archbishop of York.

At this feast were consumed 80 fat oxen, 6 wild bulls, 200 kids, 300 hogs, 300 calves, 300 pigs; 104 wethers and 4,000 rabbits; 100 pecocks, 200 cranes, 200 pheasants, 400 plovers, 300 partridges, 4,000 chickens, 4,000 woodcocks, 3,000 geese, 3,000 capons, 4,000 ducks and 4,000 pigeons; 400 bucks, does and roebucks; 4,000 venison pasties and 4,000 cold ones; 300 pikes, 300 breams, 4 porpoises and 8 seals; 400 tarts, 1,000 dishes of jelly, 4,000 dishes of plain jelly and 6,000 custards.

There were also consumed 300 quarters of wheat, 300 pipes of spiced wine, 350 tuns of ale and 104 pipes of wine.

How an Enthusiastic Dog Was Rebuked by a Parrot.

A gentleman living near this village, says the Port Jervis *Union*, has a parrot and two canaries a good deal more than law allows. A friend of his, whose name we withhold for obvious reasons, called at his house one day. A valuable young dog, a pointer, was with him. The two gentlemen sat on the porch smoking, and the parrot, which is very tame, was perched in the window sill, within hearing of the porch. The dog was lying on the floor at his master's feet and finally his attention was called to the bird, which was looking steadily at him. The dog sprung up, drew on the parrot and beckoned, with his head, still as a statue, for full three minutes, when the parrot, with a contemptuous flirt of his feathers, remarked at him, "Go home you cussed fool!" The dog dropped tail and ears, wheeled round and struck a beeline over the fields for home. Since that time he has refused to point a bird.

The Philosopher and the Humorist.

"I must tell a story," writes a Boston correspondent, "that I heard this week about two literary men of the older generation, one of whom was a great lights. One, also a humorist, in conversation about a distinguished philosopher, remarked of him:

"'Yes, he has great thoughts and ideas, but he has no sense of form.'

"Dryden after the latter had departed, in came the philosopher in question. A gentleman present, with a mischievous desire to find out the different's opinion of the humorist, commenced a critical estimate of the latter.

"'Yes, yes,' responded the philosopher, 'our friend is a genius; he has a fine sense of form, but he whittles it down to such a fine point you can't see it.'"

WHOEVER is suspicious incites treason. —*Voltaire.*

NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

All shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering to the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through;
The little field, the smiling field,
With all its flowers a-blowing!
How happy tints the golden field,
The day before the mowing!

Outpoured 'neath the departing light,
Twilight still veiled and shy,
Save where, low wreathing, Venus hides
From the red eye of Mercury,
How quiet lies the silent field
With all its beauties glowing!
Just stirring—like a child asleep—
The night before the mowing!

Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen, cut a will. Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before its wealth is yield!
Labor and mirth and plenty blest
Its blossoms death bestowing;
And yet we were, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing.

FIT AND POINT.

Bosom companions—Studs.

A séance and pillow-case party—The bedbugs.

Boarding-house butter solves the question of "rapid rancid."

"A new way to pay old debts" is to take the cash and pay them.

A young lady at a ball called her beau an Indian because he was on her trail all the time.

It was a Connecticut minister whose salary was $25 a year and half the fish he caught.

A temptation for milkmen to emigrate to Kansas is the fact that extensive chalk beds exist there.

Why cannot a gentleman legally possess a short walking stick? Because it can never be long to him.

Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe? Because it's a precious little.

An Indian chief, after the romantic manner of his nation, calls his musket "Rock Agent," because it is an old smooth bore.

"If ever that wall you leap, you dunce,
The lightning strike would harry you less."
He leaped; off went his head at once—
"So much," said he, "for Buzzfizz."

A lecturer says, "Fullness under the eye denotes language." He has probably been knocked down for something he has said.

"Oh, woe is me," exclaimed the boy of the house in the midst of his work "to have sawed what I have sawed, and saw what I see!"

Boston has established an "Institute of Heredity." Children who wish to be born into your but distinguished families should apply early.

Observing little brother's remark before a room full of company: "I know what made bad meat smell so Mary's nose; it was the rim of John Parker's hat!"

Play spades if you would win potatoes; play clubs if you would deal with a ruffian; play hearts if you would win friendship; play diamonds if you would win gold.

"How like its father!" said the nurse, on the christening of a baby whose father was very ugly. "Very like," said a satirical lady; "I said, and look at the baby, too."

Julius Cæsar, said Julius Cæsar to a Galveston doctor, "I think my liver must be out of order." "What are your symptoms?" "Well, after I have taken ten or fifteen toddies I fall asleep, and as soon as I wake up I am tormented with thirst."—*Galveston News.*

The beginning of Italian music in the eighteenth century," says a recent writer, "was the excessive and passionate worship of falsetto singers. Italian music has experienced a change. Its mainspring now is in a box, and is worked with a handle.

SWEET ARE MAY.

Bigbed Mr. Jones," My dear Miss May,
I dreamed of you last night.
Cried, 'Going, going, gone,'
Though I would not bid at all.
And you—you bought me with your gold
To have and hold as slave.
"You're really sold," smiled sweet Miss May,
For when I heard you say
You're 'Going, going, gone,'
Though I said not a bid since
He's selling one who never goes,
I'm sure I'm sold."—*Ex.*

The last words of a dying photographer, "Now keep very still." Those of a dying fortune, "I am going over the river." Those of a dying barber, "I'm going to curl up and dye." Those of a mortified colleger, "'Tis awl up. My sole's safe at last." Those of a murderer about to be hung, "This suspense will kill me."

One of our militia soldiers owns that he does not want any gore. Somebody asked him: "Now, Captain, what would you do if you were face to face with the enemy?" "That all depends on the enemy. If the enemy were to run, and there was not many of them, I'd make him eat them, but if the enemy wouldn't run, then I would. One of us has to get up and dust, anyhow, you know."—*Galveston News.*

A tramp, while under the influence of beer, applied to a citizen for a temporary loan. "I am not in the habit of investing money in such enterprises, but here is a quarter for you," said the citizen, "but be careful you don't spend it for whisky." The tramp plowed away the quarter, and a tear of gratitude glistened in his eye as he said: "You're a brick, but I won't be used, still as a statue, for full three minutes, when the parrot, with a contemptuous flirt of his feathers, remarked at him, "Go home you cussed fool!" The dog dropped tail and ears, wheeled round and struck a beeline over the fields for home. Since that time he has refused to point a bird.

Maxims Derived from Bread.

Says Chaucer: "' Of your white bread, a shiver" (a thin slice). Says Shakespeare: "Leave it out and cut loaf stead a shive." Says Pullein (a 'physician writing in 1676): "Sodden bread, which is called mushmash or crackpulls, be verie unwholesome." And there is the little loaf called a manchet. Says More of it: "I love to entertain my friends with a frugal supper, a cup of wine, a dish of fruit and a manchet." Says Bacon of it: "Take a small toast of manchet, dipped in oil of sweet almonds." Says Mrs. Glass of it, almost within hearing: "To make a water-lassey, take half a manchet grated, or half a penny roll."

Bread also has furnished proverb and by-word, adage and pert wit. Mrs. Uppercrust is a woman whose yeast, or "barm," or some other inflating power has risen her very high indeed. Crumby and crusty are adjectives, applied to persons, very well understood.

TO AN OLD COAT.

Poor coat, well loved for many reasons,
Since both of us grow old, to-day;
This hand has brushed you for two seasons,
From Sunrise on more could do.
Whilst Time your thin and white-seamed stuff
Keeps on attacking without end,
Worry, like me, he blows relief!
And never let us part, old friend.

That birthday down, when first I wore you,
I mind well—quite as strange to me
My friends around to honor born you,
And opened their welcome lips in song.
Your shabby plight—of which I'm vain—
Hinders them not an arm to lend,
They'd freely treat us now again;
So never let us part, old friend.

You're patched behind, an ancient rending;
That, too, recalls a past delight;
One night to run from June pretending,
I felt her soft head clutch me tight.
Then were you, and that frightful tear
It took my Jane two days to mend,
While I was held her fingers there;
So never let us part, old friend.

Hate you been steeped in musk and amber,
Which bear sniff, hinting to the plan?
Or rusted along an acte-chamber,
For revels to court air as we now?
Throughout all France by faction rent,
Ribbons and scars did strike our mood—
A Solid-lower is your ornament;
So never let us part, old friend.

Fear no more days of idle ranging,
When one two holes become as one,
Of pleasure with plain intermingling,
Of intermingled rain and sun.
For the last time I array and don
My clothes, just well and we will wend
Together, gently going off,
So never let us part, old friend.

—*From Revenge.*

THE YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER.

On "Miller's Hill" a farm-house; a lowland structure built of wood; whose step-ladder, worn and gray, was fast falling into slow decay: whose mossy wooden lane-troughs swung from rusty irons rudely hung; whose small window-panes here and there betrayed the need of good repair; whose ancient chimney, capped with stone, with lichens partly overgrown above the sagging roof, looked down upon the spires of Brandon town.

An old gray barn was built near by, with heavy girths and scaffolds high, and solid sills and massive beams, and through the cracks and open seams the slanting sunshine used to play in golden gleams upon the hay, where oft, with many a shout, the children jumped and played about at high and noon, or looked with care for hidden nests in corners there. Where oft at morn they used to hear the cackling hen and chanticleer, where, by the broad floor 'neath the mows, were cribs and stanchions for the cows, and strong the plank stalls where horses stood to eat their hay from racks of wood, and, in a corner stowed away, a fanning-mill and old red sleigh. Where jolly farm-boys loved at night the golden corn by candle-light, and hung their lanterns by the bay on pitchforks thrust into the hay, while sheltered from the autumn rain, with thundering flails they threshed the grain.

Each year the hum of honey-bees was heard amid the apple trees, and, full blossomed, the locusts fair with their sweet fragrance filled the air; the stubble fields were plowed and sown; the wheat was fall; the bright sun shone; the robins sang; the green grass grew; the roses blossomed in the dew; the tall red hollyhocks made the farm-house door; the strawberries bent in its gusty bend; the cattle in the pasture fed, the crickets chirped in meadow near, sounds were wafted to the ear o'er waving fields of tasseled corn, of clattering scythe and dinner horn. The reapers reaped their golden sheaves; the swallows left the stunned eaves; the apples in the autumn breeze grew ripe and mellow on the trees; the leaves were swept about the air; the fields were brown, the woodlands hazy; the snow-flakes fell; the air grew chill; the sleigh-bells rang on "Miller's Hill."

The winter sky was overcast, the snow and sleet were falling fast. Twas Christmas eve; the air was cool; the children hurried home from school, with laughter loud and outories shrill they reached the farm-house on the hill, they came across the kitchen floor, nor stopped to shut the entry door, all striving first the news to tell, exclaiming, in concert, with a yell: "The teacher's comin' here to stay; he's up the road a little way; he stopped to talk with Susan Stow, an' we ran home to let you know."

The mother stopped her spinning-wheel, and put away her carding reel, swept up the dusty hearth with care, rolled down her sleeves and brushed her hair, smoothed out her rumpled gingham gown, and in her mouth a pin she drew; then, striving hard to look her best, she calmly waited for her guest.

And ruddy, round, and fleshy face was bordered by a cap of lace; her nose was nearly hid from view by her plump cheeks of healthy hue; her eyes were bright, her hair was thin, she had a hearty double chin; her husband's arms, when both embraced, could barely circumscribe her waist.

Of all large women nine in ten will most admire the little delicate men—why none may tell—will love large women quite as well. They woo, they wed, they learn though life is quite o'ershadowed by the wife.

Soon, parting from his rustic flame, the tardy young schoolmaster came; his eyes were blue, his features fair, his chin o'ergrown with downy hair; behind his ears his locks of brown were smoothly brushed and plastered down; his bony limbs were large and long; his well-trained muscles firm and strong; the tall, stout boys that years before had thrown their master through the door his rod regarded with dismay, and seldom dared to disobey. The pride and hope of Hubbardton was tall Lycurgus Littlejohn, who had, his fellow-townsmen said, "A long 'n larnin' in his head." (These terms in Middlebury College had given him his "heap" of knowledge.)

He often used to sit between the fair young girls of sweet sixteen and kindly help them "do their sums." They brought him fruit and many a dainty dish, had their girlhood hopes and fears; his words were music in their ears; each smile he gave them had a charm; each frown would fill them with alarm. What envious looks at Susan Stow, his favorite scholar they would throw.

Her eyes and hair were dark as night, her skin was soft, and smooth, and white; a peach-like bloom her cheeks overspread; her lips like cherries, ripe and red. What wonder he could not conceal the glad, sweet thrill he use to feel through all his enlightening frame when to his desk she coyly came and, looking up with eyes of love, like some sly, timid little dove, would softly ask him to expound some knotty problem she had found? What being in the world below seemed half as sweet as Susan Stow? Her eyes would flash and, in return, his face would flush and strangely burn, and, when he tried to calculate some long, hard "sum" upon her slate, the figures danced before his sight like little gobblins, gay and white, and, when at night, with cheerful face, he started for his boarding place, what wonder that he came so slow in walking home with Susan Stow?

The woman crossed the kitchen floor to meet Lycurgus at the door, and, with a scrutinizing leer, she said: "Walk in an' take a chair, an' be to home while you are here. Come, Busby, take his things, my dear."

Forth from his corner, by the fire, the husband came at her desire. His head was bald, save here and there, some stiff little tufts of grizzled hair; his shoulders stooped, his form was thin, his knees were bent, his trousers short; he wore a long blue flannel frock, gray trousers, and a satin stock; a cotton collar, tall and queer, was around his rounded throat each ear; his face was mild, his smile was bland, as forth he put his ponderous hand, and said: "I think I've seen you before. I hope you'll stay a leetle spell; we're plain folks here I'd have you know, and don't go in for pride nor show." Then, after stepping on the cat, he took the teacher's coat and hat; he hung them on a rusty nail, and, picking up his milking pail, he slowly shuffled out of doors and went to do the evening chores.

Close by the firelight's cheerful glare Lycurgus drew the easy-chair. The savory steam of chickens slain came from the black pot on the crane. The kettle's merry song he heard; upon the hearth the gray cat purred; while, by the chimney-corner sung, the house dog dozed upon the rug. Among the chimney-piece of wood an idle row of flatirons stood, two candlesticks in bright array, a pair of snuffers and a tray. The time-worn clock ticked slowly on; it struck the hours forever gone. "Forever gone," it seems to say—"forever gone," from day to day, in its tall case of sombre hue—'twas fifty years since it was new. Between the windows, small and high, the looking-glass was hung, near by; a brazen bird with wings outspread, perched on the mantel over-head; beneath, a shell, the common home of family Bible, brush, and comb; above, from iron hooks were hung long frames, with ripples thickly strung, and, tied upon the wall to dry, were wreaths of pumpkin kept for pie.

Forth from the buttery, to the fire, came Aunt Rebecca McIntyre, a swallow spinster, somewhat old, whose mellow age was seldom told; her hair was gray, her nose was thin, it nearly touched her toothless chin. Life's weary work and constant care had worn a face that once was fair.

Each Sabbath morn, from spring to spring, within the church she used to sing, in ancient bonnet, cloak, and gown, the oldest relics in the town; beside the chorister she stood, and, all the while she sang aloud, and, while with tuning-fork, he led, she marked his movements with her head, her nasal voice rose sharp and queer above the deep-toned viol near.

She took the black pot from the crane, and made the tea and chicken-broth, drew out the table, spread the cloth; then, from the table, bright and new, brought the best china edged with blue.

The chores were done, the feast was spread; all took their places at the grass was said. They ate the savory chicken stew, so juicy and so well cooked through; before them rich mashed dumplings swam, on steaming plates, with cold boiled ham, with feathery biscuit, warm and light, with currant jam and honey, white and crowning all a good supply of yellow, mealy pumpkin-pie. Where such a bounteous feast is found, who would not teach and "board around?"

The supper done, the father took from off its shelf, the sacred Book, and read of one who stilled the sea one stormy night in Galilee; then, kneeling down before his chair, he asked the heavenly Shepherd's care.

Soon from the group, with drowsy heads, the children started for their beds; took off the little shoes they wore, and left them on the kitchen floor; then, bidding all a fond "good night," and pattering feet, they passed from sight.

Dear little feet, how soon they stray from the old farm-house far away; how soon they leave the lonely fold to walk the shining streets of gold, where every hope is real and sure; where every heart is kind and pure; where every stream is bright and fair,—O! may we meet our loved ones there!

The farmer left his cozy seat, with clattering slippers on his feet, went to the cellar where he drew a mug of cider, sweet and new, and from the shelf with him brought the best and ripest apples for his guest. Then, by the warm fire's ruddy light, they lingered late that night, and strange legends told, and tales that made them all feel nervous and afraid.

But "Aunt Rebecca" watched in vain the solemn visage above the crane; she nodded, dozed, began to snore, she dropped her knitting on the floor, with her eyelids heavier grow, arose and silently withdrew.

Along the creaking stairs she crept, to the lone chamber where she slept, and close the window-curtains drew, to screen herself from sight and view; then, before the key-hole of the door, she set the candle on the floor, locked 'neath the valance—half afraid to look at night—and ambuscade; then sitting down, aside with care she laid her garments on a chair, slipped on her night-dress over her head, took off her shoes, blew out the light, then, in the darkness, from her head removed her wig and went to bed, and quite a while lay there and sighs, and quivering shut her drowsy eyes.

Poor single souls who sleep alone, the night time with its terrors shun; for your lone cares—you start with fear at every midnight sound you hear, when cats at night with screams of woe come into your weary beds. The nights seem long, your lips turn blue, your feet grow cold—you know they do!

She slept at last; she heard once more the ripple break upon the shore; again she sat upon the strand, and some one clasped her fair young hand, and words were whispered in her ear that long ago she loved to hear, and, starting up, she cried in glee: "I knew you would come back to me." She woke. Alas! no love was there. Her thin arms clasped the vacant air. 'Twas but a dream. She lived alone. With age she heard the night wind moan, while in the widow-panes the snow was widely beating. From below the smothered sound of voices came when still with Busby's social dame. Their great sat by the failing fire and watched its fleeting flame expire while she listened, but no word they uttered could be clearly heard; but soon a recollection came that sent a shudder through her frame—the sausage to be fried at morn, the breakfast table to adorn, was in the bedroom where their guest would soon betake himself to rest. The clock struck ten, she softly said, "I'll get it ere he goes to bed."

The spare bed stood within a room as chill and humid as a tomb; 'twas never aired, 'twas seldom swept; in its damp corners spiders crept; they built their briny webs through the air, and no rude broom disturbed them there. The rain, that fell on roof decayed, dripped through the chinks that time had made, and on the whitewashed walls ran down in wondrous frescoes tinged with brown; the window-panes, with frost o'ergrazed, were warmer than that icy bed. Cold was the matting on the floor; cold blew the breeze beneath the door; cold were the straight-backed chairs of wood; cold was the oaken stand that stood on spindling legs that looked as chill as pins, bare pines on some bleak hill; high rose that bed o'er things below, like some tall iceberg capped with snow. Here every night the honored guest, when bedtime came, retired to "rest."

Within its large and moldy press hung Mrs. Busby's best silk dress; her Sunday bonnet, shoes, and shawl, on rusty nails against the wall, by Mr. Busby's suit of cloth, that at his wedding had been new. Here on a peg his best cravat reposed within his old fur hat; here, aunt from sight of human eyes, were rows of mince and apple pies, with rolls of sausage and head-cheese, stored on the shelves and in the freeze.

From out her cot the maiden crept, slipped on her shoes and softly stepped along the hall and through the gloom until she reached the chilly room. Unseen she crossed the icy floor, unheard unlocked the chest door, snatched from the shelf, in a firm hold, a bag of sausage, stiff and cold, then turning quickly, sought to beat a sudden, safe, and sure retreat. Too late! A light gleamed on the wall, and sound of footsteps filled the hall, then to the room came boldly the stalwart form of Littlejohn! She backward stepped and stood aghast, then closed the door and held it fast.

With chattering teeth and trembling frame across the floor Lycurgus came. He placed the candle in his hand upon the sprawling chicken stand. Then closed the door, and, with a frown, within a cold chair settled down. He threw his head back upon the floor, and, rising, tried the closet door; but Aunt Rebecca, in affright, drove to the latch with all her might. To look within Lycurgus failed, he turned away and thought it nailed; then, pulling down the snowy spread, he put his warm brick in the bed, took off his clothes, and slipped between the sheets of ice, so white and clean, blew out the light, and, with a sneeze, gave to his chin he brought his knees, beneath the clothes he drew his nose, and tried in vain to find repose; while "Aunt Rebecca," from the wall, took down the sausage and the pies.

The paper curtains, loosely hung upon the windows, rustling swung, while through each quivering narrow frame of frosty panes a dim light came that made the furniture appear like dingy phantoms cronching near. Lycurgus listened in the storm and hugged his brick to keep him warm, but colder grew the humid bed, the clothes congealed around his head; to feel at ease in vain he tried; he tossed and turned from side to side; each time he moved, beneath his weight the bedstead creaked like some farm-gate. His brick grew cold, he could not sleep, a strange sensation seemed to creep upon him, while across the floor he closely watched the closet-door.

Was he but dreaming? No! his eyes beheld, with wonder and surprise, what man had never seen before—there was a movement at the door. It slowly turned and to his sight came, through the dim, uncertain light a hideous hand, that in its clasp some awful object seemed to grasp, a crouching form, with frightful head, seemed slowly coming towards the bed. He heard the rusty hinges creak, he could not stir, he could not speak, he could not turn his head away; he shut his eyes and tried to pray, but upon his brow of pallid hue the cold sweat stood like dewdrops, and his hair he shrieked, aloud and shrill—the form was coming back, and all was still.

That midnight cry, from room to room, resounded loudly through the gloom. The thin farmer and his wife at rest, within their warm and cozy nest, woke and sprung, in strange affright, forth from their bed loud shouting—"fire!" But, instead of smoke and horror, in rose flame, soon stumbling up the stairs they came. In cotton bedquilts quaintly dressed, they found Lycurgus on their guest, and, full of wonder and affright, pushed in the door and struck a light.

The door within the feather bed Lycurgus had withdrawn his head, and, out of sight, lay quaking there, with chattering teeth and bristling hair. They questioned him, but he was still; he shook as if he had a chill, the cour-age of a man was gone.

Then midnight cry, from room to room, resounded loudly through the gloom. The thin farmer and his wife at rest, within their warm and cozy nest, woke and sprung, in strange affright, forth from their bed loud shouting—"fire!" But, instead of smoke and horror

THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

HIBERNIA is the Latin name for Ireland.

COTTON MATHER wrote 382 works of all kinds.

MEMPHIS was built by Marmin 2,000 years and more before Christ.

THE slang word "crack" (as, a "crack" regiment) is a corruption of "crepo," to boast of. It is English university slang, and was in common use in Shakspeare's time.

ALUMINUM when fused and cast in molds is soft as pure silver, but when hammered or rolled it becomes as hard as iron.

NITRO-GLYCERINE was invented by Sobiero in 1847. In 1863 Alfred Nobel, a German, first mixed it with powder, and used it for blasting, and, after further experiments, invented dynamite, by mixing it with infusorial earth.

GLASS was first introduced into England in 674. Its use was at first entirely confined to religious edifices, and did not become general until the fourteenth century. The first glass manufactory in America was established by John Hewes, in New Hampshire, in 1736.

THE "Riot Act" is an English law, providing "that if any persons to the number of twelve or more, being unlawfully, riotously and tumultuously assembled together to the disturbance of the public peace, shall continue so assembled for the space of one hour after a magistrate has commanded them by proclamation to disperse, they shall be considered felons." It is common in England always to read the "Riot Act" before proceeding to extremities.

In the ancient Egyptian astronomy, the order of the planets, in regard of distance from the earth, beginning with the most remote, is Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the sun, Venus, Mercury and the moon. The day was divided into twenty-four hours, and each successive hour consecrated to a particular planet in the order stated—so that, one hour being consecrated to Saturn, the next fell to Jupiter, the third to Mars, and so on, and each day was named after the planet to which its first hour was consecrated. The Egyptian week began with Saturday, or the day of Saturn; and the days, because of their flight on that day, made it the last day of their week—the last day of their bondage—hence their Sabbath or rest from labor.

THE term "Porte," which is used to denote the administrative government of the Ottoman empire, the residence of the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, and the great Council of State, had its origin in this way: In the Ottoman institutes established by the famous warrior, Sultan Mohammed II., the Turkish body politic was described by the metaphor of a stately tent, whose domes rested upon four pillars. "The Viziers formed the first pillar, the Judges the second, the Treasurers the third, and the Secretaries the fourth." The chief seat of the government was figuratively named the "Lofty Gate of the Royal Tent," in allusion to the practice of earlier times, when the Ottoman Emperor sat at the door to administer justice. The Italian translation of this name was "Porta Sublima." This phrase was Gookticised in English as the "Sublime Porte," and finally the adjective has been dropped, leaving it simply "The Porte."

Keeping the Patient Quiet.

"He seems to be much worse to-day," said the doctor, as he contemplated the patient. "Did you keep him perfectly quiet, as I directed, you nurse?"

"Sakes a massey! of course I did," replied the nurse. "Goodness gracious! he hasn't moved all night."

"Anything going on in the house to disturb him?"

"My sakes, of course not. They had a little dancing party in the parlor, and a fight up stairs, and some burglars got into the basement, and the servant girl set fire to her bed, and the fat boarder fell down the second flight, and the man in the next room licked his wife, and the water-pipe busted in the floor below, and the gentleman in the back parlor gave a little supper, and there was some music in the third story, and the cats got out upon the back fence, and there was a baby born in the second floor front, and the little girl up the street pair died in the night, but he never moved. Bless your heart, he was the quietest man you ever see!"

"Quite right; quite right; did you give him the pills?"

"My princess! I forgot the pills, but I gave him all the powders, and all the quinine powders and the mixtures, three of 'em, and all but the pills."

"Just so. Did you change the bandages on his head?"

"It wasn't any use. He wouldn't keep 'em on. You never saw anything like him. I put four pillows on his head, and he kept still as mice after that."

"I see. Was he delirious during the night?"

"Oh! wasn't he? but he hasn't hollered much for two hours. He's been pretty quiet since he fell out of bed. Before that he was restless."

"Of course, naturally. Any of his friends been to see him?"

"There were ten or a dozen here all night, playing cards and enjoying themselves. But he paid no attention to them."

"I suppose not. Hasn't asked for anything, has he?"

"Not for a long time. He's doing well, isn't he, doctor?"

"Yes, yes, as well as could be expected. As near as I can judge, he has been dead about twelve hours. You needn't continue the medicine. Just keep him quiet and don't let anybody talk to him. What he wants now is rest."

And the doctor scratched to the reliability of the nurse, and departed.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Chinese Table Etiquette.

Ting Lang Ho, an educated Chinaman, writes as follows: "According to the teaching of Confucius, no conversation must be carried on at table. This precept of Confucius, disagreeable though it must seem to many, prevents many embarrassments at table, namely, one's being interrupted when he tries to speak at table, and the boisterousness with which some carry on conversation at table. Chinese etiquette requires all to begin to eat at the same time, but each one before he begins to eat generally says, 'Let us begin,' which is accompanied by a gesture with the chopsticks. In finishing one's meal, the same gesture is used, but not the same words. He says then to those who are still eating, 'Do not be in haste.' It is customary for the elder to help the younger to these dishes which he cannot reach, but in receiving etiquette requires him or her to rise, sitting at a Chinese table neither one's body nor his dress must touch the table, and great strictness in regard to one's position is enforced. It is not according to Chinese etiquette to look around when one is eating, nor to stare at one another. Remarks made on the food and the smacking of one's lips are (I'm sorry to say) allowable in Chinese etiquette. The chopsticks, when one is not using them, must be placed on the table close together, perpendicular to the spoon. According to Chinese etiquette, it is rude for one to finish too soon; one must try to keep together with the rest, though it is becoming for inferiors to finish a little before their superiors, but not a little too late. Reading of periodicals is strictly forbidden, but letters are allowed if they are very important. One very seldom asks for an excuse from table in China, but every one goes at the same time."—*American Gazette.*

Punished.

You can never answer a bully with moral suasion. To put down such a man effectually, one must be able to punish him down. How "tall Gen. Simpson" served an insulting braggart in a Pocahontas coffee-house, many years ago, is related in *Colburn's United Service Magazine:*

When the allies occupied Paris, the French officers, at all times superior with the small sword, and equal with the pistol to Englishmen, took every opportunity to insult the officers belonging to the army of occupation.

It had been alleged that there was a club of Frenchmen, in the metropolis, which had sworn to devote their lives to the killing off one by one of the English army.

There was one Frenchman who boasted of having killed a dozen of English officers, and promised to go on in this work.

One evening, he swaggered as usual into the cafe, to his great astonishment, actually saw one of those hated English soldiers occupying his chair, be it remembered, that no one hitherto had dared to sit upon except himself.

Mastering his passion, he undid his sword-belt, and, having placed his sword on one side, began to insult the quiet and inoffensive English officer who sat so unconscious in his (the Frenchman's) chair.

He trod upon the English toes, he deprived the Englishman of his candles, he filled from one bottle to another without at all being able in the least apparently to disturb the other's placidity.

At last he undid the stock, second, the of the Englishman's hand, and then the Briton slowly rose up, displaying to the Frenchman at a North River dock. Hurdleman some six feet six inches high.

The giant, bending across the table, seized hold of the Frenchman's collar with one hand, and his chin with the other, and, wrenching his mouth open, spat down his throat.

With a howl, the Frenchman, holding his under jaw with both hands, ran out of the room. His jaw was broken, and neither he nor any of his comrades ever seegf again at the cafe.

We may as well add that the English officer who thus made an example of a bully was the late Gen. Sir James Simpson, who for a time commanded in the Crimea, and, during the last day he joined the service until his death, was the tallest officer in the British army.

A Powerful Criticism.

A man, a desk, a room. The man was in the room and his feet were on the desk.

Nothing was wasted.

The man was an editor.

Somebody rapped at the door.

"Come in," said the editor.

It was a boy.

He laid a book on the editor's table and went out.

The editor looked at it awhile, and then took it into another room, where there was another man with his feet on the desk. He was writing busily; but ceased his work as the editor came in.

He was a literary man.

"Give this a good notice," said the editor.

"All right," said the literary person. Then the editor went out.

The clock in the corner of the room kept up an incessant ticking. The literary person disliked this clock, but the man who wrote the financial articles owned the clock and would not allow it to be removed. He said its ticking reminded him of the way bankers did business.

After awhile the literary person finished his review of a book on the ethics of protoplasm, and stopped writing. Presently he looked at the book which the editor had left. He had never seen anything like it before, but he did not wonder. Again his pen traveled rapidly over the paper. This is what he wrote.

"We have received from the publishers a dainty work, entitled 'Records of Trotting and Pacing in the United States and Canada for 1880,' and we can safely recommend it to our readers. While the plot is one replete with sensational incidents and situations, yet it is a character that can afford none, teaching as it does, the lesson that true progress is aided by honest effort." Then he almost idyllic story of Maud S. and St. Julien," who seem to be the principle characters in the story, is told in a simple yet fascinated manner, and one lays down the book with a restful feeling at the heart that should always be produced by a properly-constructed novel."

The next day the editor saw this in his paper. He read it carefully and said:

"——!"—*San Francisco Post.*

YOUNG Malony De Smith, who exterminates melody with a fiddle, met old Col. Northcole yesterday, and said to him: "Colonel, you must be on hand to-night at the De Smith mansion. I want you to hear some really good music. I will give a few solos on the violin to a few invited guests, and afterward, at 8 o'clock, we will have some refreshments —oysters, wine, cigars, you know." "My dear boy. I will be on hand just a little after 8. Rely on me."—*Galveston News.*

A DIVER FOR THE DEAD.

An Old Man Whose Living "Made in the Bottoms of the Rivers.

[New York Tribune.]

At No. 36 Cranberry street, lives John H. Brower, who has been engaged in the business referred to for almost a lifetime. A *Tribune* reporter found the old man in the small courtyard adjoining his humble home. He said he was John H. Brower, the person the reporter was in search of.

"I've been in the business of graplin' and divin' for over fifty years, for I began when I was about twenty, and I'm nigh onto seventy-four now. I've done grapplin' and wreckin' in the East and North Rivers, in the Long Island Sound, at Sandy Hook, and at Hell Gate, and have always succeeded in makin' a pretty good livin' out of it, I can tell you. I've raised thousands of tons o' railroad iron, anchors, big and little, chains, cables, besides canal boats, bodies, and rings, watches, lockets, and other jewelry. One of the best jobs I've ever had was durin' the war, when the government was buildin' an iron clad at the navy yard. Eight-hour steel plates, each fourteen feet long, four feet wide, and three inches thick, were lyin' near the dock. The weight was too much for the old pier, and she broke down, sendin' the plates to the bottom of the East River. They sent for me, and asked me to get the plates for 'em. I said I would, but I wanted $10 for each plate I got out. They were satisfied, and I went to work. 'Well, Brower,' said the Capt'in, 'I s'pose it'll take you a couple o' days to get one o' them plates up.' 'Days?' said I. 'I can you come back in an hour or an hour an' a half, an' I'll show you somethin'!' He laughs kinder, and walks off. Runkin I'm a-divin'. Well, I get one my grapplin' hooks 'round them plates, and when the Capt'in came back I had 'em on the pier. I just tell you he opened his eyes.

"A Spanish brig dropped a cag of alcoholars that she was takin' out to South America overboard in the harbor here, a good many years ago. There was a very strong tide runnin' at the time, and the divers that were sent after the cag soon gave it up as a bad job. Somebody told the Spanish Capt'in about my luck in findin' things, and he sent for me. He offered me $200 to get up that cag. I went down, and, knowin' the harbor so intimately, I soon found it. But here was a fix; the bottom of the cag had fallen out and the dollars were strewed around it. Well, I just went aboard ship again, got my scoop net an' went down again. Then I put the dollars all back in the cag, fastened my scoop net over it and had it drawed up. So I made my $200.

"Have you brought up many bodies of drowned persons?"

"Well, I should just say I had; over fifty. I suppose that many more, too. They seem to be kind o' fond o' drownin' themselves. One o' the queerest cases I can remember was that of a watchman at a North River dock. He had gone at night to his dock, and the next mornin' his hat was found lyin' on the dock, but he was gone. Well, they scraped the river for his body, high and low, but couldn't find him. They sent for me when they was at their wit's ends, and I went to hunt him up. It was a good deal puzzled at first that he shouldn't be at the bottom of the river, but at last I thought of lookin' at the piles. There sure enough I found him, with arms and legs so tightly clasped around the pile that I had a good deal of trouble in gettin' him off. He had evidently fallen in the water and tried to save himself, but his strength gave out before he was half way up, and he was drowned. Another case, I remember, was that of a son of a rich man, who was drowned while bathin' off South Ferry. Well, the father tried everything to get the body; engaged divers, but cannon balls fired into the river, so that they would stir up the bottom and the water'd force the body up. But it was no use, the body couldn't be found. The divers gave it up sayin' it had probably been swept out to sea by the strong tide runnin' at the time. At last they sent for me, and offered me a big reward to find the boy. Now the secret of my success in findin' bodies was that I always found out how the tide had stood when one had got lost, and went down at the exact turn, groped along the bottom, and always found it. I done the same in this case, but the tide'd been so strong the day the boy was lost that I had drifted a good ways along the bottom. At last I found him. But how I fell you it was awful. Wedged under an anchor chain, decomposed and half eaten up by fishes. I found the lad. I had to go up three times before I got him by pieces. It was a terrible job. Yes, I've made a great deal of money by findin' bodies there was a reward on."

Der Gombloind Vas Schmall-Pox.

"What is the complaint?" asked his Honor, as he scowled over his glasses:

"Der gombloind vas schmall-pox," responded a German with a sunset nose.

His Honor looked at the window and reckoned how many jumps it was to the ground; the audience started out to see where the fire was; an attenuated reporter attempted to crawl into the quill toothpick he was breakfasting on, and even the clock went.

"Small-pox?" yelled the justice slinger.

"Yaw, mynheer. Dot feller mit a plue eye out his nose sdeal dot schmallpox vrom mine store in vrond. Id vas got a ham yp id's inside own. I ketch him py der peak out his neg pehint mit a boleeman. I ped you!" and he looked like a rattle-box.

"Then you didn't break out with the small-pox?" asked his Honor, somewhat mollified.

"Nein. Dot fellar preaks owit mite ham."

"Oh!" said his Honor, as he made a bung-hole with his mouth.

"O-oh!" remarked the audience, as they came in and reported that it was only a dog-fight.

"Owe!" explained the prisoner, as the clerk informed him that hams were ten, and that one would cost him $10.—*N. B. Dispatch.*

Much-Needed Definition.

"What is a cold?" asks *Chambers' Journal.* Well, sir, supposing you begin by sneezing so hard you nearly break your neck and bite your tongue terribly. Then your nose gets stuffed up and you need about fourteen handkerchiefs a day and the end of your nose gets more tender than a boil. And your eyes ache and are watery and you begin to cough so the folks across the way can't sleep, and you feel lame all over, as though you had been under a fire engine, and you're ugly and kick the dog and chase the cat with a boot-jack, tell your wife she can't cook and make the household a gehenna for ten days. Then you've got a cold.—*Boston Post.*

Noted Men Who Married Women Older than Themselves.

Mohammed's wife was twenty years older than her husband, and it is much to the credit of the latter that he honored her to the last. He married much of his success to her assistance and influence. John Howard, the philanthropist, married out of gratitude a woman who was equally his senior. She died in a few years, however, and his second union was one of love. It was, however, also dissolved by the death of his wife, and then he devoted himself to philanthropy. Napoleon's first wife, Josephine, was his senior by six years, being 30 at the time of their marriage, while he was 25. It would have been well for him had he rather let conjugal love, whose violation was the beginning of his ruin. Aaron Burr also married a widow, who, like Josephine, had two children. Mrs. Burr was ten years older than her husband, but the union was very harmonious. She probably allowed him that large liberty with the fair sex to which he had been accustomed, and thus avoided domestic quarrels. Lord Wilkes, the famous London agitator of the last century, married a lady who was ten years his senior, and she was willing to overlook his irregularities, and hence obtained a divorce.

Johnson, the lexicographer, married the Widow Porter, who had a small property. He was acquainted with the family before the death of her husband, and this helped in the matter of courtship. Mrs. Porter was 48, while her husband was only 21 at the time of the wedding. The parties started horseback for the place where the ceremony was to be performed, and Johnson thus described the journey to Boswell: "Sir, she has got into her head from old romances that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. At first she told me I rode too fast and she could not keep up with me, but when I slacked my pace she passed me and complained that I lagged. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and therefore pushed on till I was out of sight. When she got to the destination I observed that she was in tears." Johnson always mourned the loss of his wife, though he was only 43 at the time of her death, he never married again. How often in his subsequent writings he refers to his lost companion, in the most affectionate manner.

When only 18 Shakspeare was married to Anne Hathaway, who was then 26. Six months from the wedding day the first son was born to this ill-mated pair. The husband rather hid the sad means of supporting a family, and when the latter had increased to the number of a son and two daughters he left for London. The deserted wife supported her children as best she could, and twenty years after returned to Stratford-on-Avon, and by his subsequent conduct strove to atone for his early error.

Pins, Past and Present.

To the young lady whose intricate overskirt is held in innumerable folds by many pins, it may seem a hardship that her very favorite pins is taxed to about one hundred and forty. Such, however, is the case with each individual in the United States on an equitable division of the pins yearly sold in this country. But the Indians in the West are not encouraged to use their full allowance, and collar buttons have so far done away with the use of pins by gentlemen generally that the young lady and her pins provide herself with some one else's allowance. The pins made in the United States are made by fourteen factories, somewhat equally divided in locality, but chiefly in New England. Their annual production for several years past has been about 7,000,000,000 pins. This number has not varied much for some years, the demand remaining about the same. A few of these 7,000,000,000 are swallowed by children, a number are bent up in schools and placed in vacant and dividing chairs, and some millions get into cracks of floors, and the rest for the most part are scattered along the streets and highways where they have dropped from dresses and been left to work their way into the earth.

The seven large factories among the nine principal companies then existing for the manufacture of toilet pins led to such a spirit of rivalry that the business became unprofitable and the market was flooded with goods. Dealers who were shrewd laid in stock, and fortune even bought in wholesale quantities for future needs. A year ago a combination was formed of three wire companies, and now all of the pins made by them are shipped to New York, and handled by the head agency in this city. From their common warehouse they are sent to every part of the country in quantities varying according to the female population.

The importations of English pins are small, and the exportation of pins from the United States to Europe, to Cuba, South America and parts of Canada, where, however, but few pins are sent. England supplies almost the whole world, outside of the United States, although it is claimed that the American pins are not inferior in quality. Quality, however, is a matter which but slightly concerns the retail buyer. To him a paper of pins is a paper of pins so long as they don't have the heads both ends.

The raw material—the brass and iron wire from which all American pins are made—is from the wire mills of this country, and much of the machinery for their manufacture is of American invention and patent.

A BOLD rascal went to a bank in Boston, and, by representing that he was an agent for a counterfeit note detector, obtained possession of a bad $50 bill, across whose face the word counterfeit had been written with red ink. Having removed this with acids, he made a $2 purchase at a store and received $48 in good money as change.

THERE are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it perches.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO PURIFY a sink or drain: Dissolve one-half pound of copperas in two gallons of water. Pour half of this liquid one day and the other half next.

COAL OIL will take out ink stains, even after they have been washed with soap. Pour on the oil, and rub the spot in the hands; if it does not remove it the first application, try more; the second application will remove it entirely.

TAKE a wineglass of cologne and another of lemon juice, then scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap to a powder, and mix well in a mold. When hard this will be found both pleasant and efficacious in rendering the hands smooth and white.

AN experienced book man says that books should never be allowed to get really cold, for when a thaw comes and the weather sets in warm, the air, laden with damp, penetrates the inmost recesses, and working its way between the volumes, and even between the leaves, deposits upon their cold surface its moisture. A steam-heated library is said to be safest for books. Libraries do not favor a glass-doored bookcase as a preservative of books, as the dampness will penetrate right through the glass, and the absence of ventilation will assist in the formation of mold. Ornamental brass wire work is recommended instead of glass.

VERY pretty vases can be made from long-necked bottles as follows: Saturate several balls of string with coal oil, lay them around the bottle twice, and tie it, placing it where you want the vase, and the bottle to be broken off. Light the wick all around, and in a few minutes a cracking noise will be heard, when you will find you the bottle is severed in two, and will leave you an article shaped like a tumbler. It is necessary that the string be as long as possible, unless you desire more than one. If so, two tall ones and one about two-thirds that size make a very pretty vase. Cut out bands of gold paper and paste around near the top and bottom, also a circle for the center. Or, should you desire, they can be painted any color and ornamented with gilt stars and embossed pictures, after the manner of decorating pottery.

USE water of about the same temperature as the room plants are growing in. Even if anybody tells you that you can grow them better or bloom them quicker by setting their pots in saucers filled with hot water, do not practice any such nonsense. In applying water, do not pour it on in the middle of the pot, but at the base of the stem, and near the side of the pot inmost, and as far from the stem as you can reach. The soil may be as large as you please, providing you pour out gently. Always use soft water if you can. Washing the leaves, so as to remove dust, dirt and insects, will promote health; therefore, do it often. Use a sponge, tender water and a little soap, and as you finish washing each plant, shower it with clear water. In washing plants set them on the sides, so as to keep the dirt and insects from the pots and the water from saturating the soil. If there is much dirt's worm, "honey-dew" or "black stuff" on the leaves or stems, do not scrub it off, but rather keep those leaves moistened by thoroughly wetted for three or five hours, then wipe off with your sponge. In this way, stubborn cases yield easily.

In the last fifteen years the State of Louisiana has expended for levees and repairs the sum of $11,765,500.

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